THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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VENETIANS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY G. P. R. JAMES.

THE VENICE BELLS.

Alla Contessa L—— P——.

Frank and free,
Frank and free,
Maiden pure, but frank and free!
What the music meets thine ear?
What the sounds we both must hear?
As we cross the sunny sea?
Bells that chime
The march of Time,
March that both must feel and fear.
Hark! yon bell that almost rings,
Hark! yon shriller bell that rings,
And that deep bell's solemn sound,
Closing the harmonious round.
"Away, away!"
They seem to say,
"Joy but lasts a little day;"
"And to-morrow,
Brings its sorrow,
To the fair, and to the gay."
Time shall touch those ringlets fair:
Time shall whiten this gray hair:
Beauty's cheek, and poet's song,
To the same sad doom belong;
One shall fade, and one shall fail
As sink yon chimes upon the gale!
Is this a tale to tell to thee,
Rowing on the golden sea—
To thee, so young, and kind, and bright,
Child of sunshine and delight?
'Tis not I—it is yon chime,
Speaking still the voice of Time.
But one tone of all that there
Are flung upon the summer air,
Meets thy young and happy ear:
But one warning canst thou hear.
"Joy! joy! joy! while yet you may,
To-morrow comes a darker day!"
Hark the distant thunder swells,
Mixed with Zobenigo's bells;
And a hand of vivid light
Rends the welkin, in our sight.
Homeward! homeward, let us sail
Ere the blessed sunshine fail,
And yon bells' melodious round
Is silenced by a hoarser sound.
Still they ring, to welcome thee
Back from sporting on the sea,
Maiden pure but frank and free.
And may each bell as joyous ring
Upon thy wedding day;
And may it tell the self same thing
That here it tells to-day.
Frank and free,
Frank and free,
Let the treble welcome thee,
While the tenor speaks of joy,
Long and pure without alloy;
And the bass, with warning tone,
Tells earth's pleasures soon are gone:
And the thunder—which may come—
Only serves to bid thee Home!
Where, while lightnings rend the sky,
In Christ's own arm secure you lie,
While, frank and free,
Angels there
Hail thee to their company:
Love, and Hope, and Charity!
Gloria in excelsis!

Venice, April 25, 1859.

THE LADY OF PLAS TYRION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY MARY HOWITT.

PART I.

Except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it; except the Lord keep the city, the watchman waketh but in vain.

Psalms, cxxvii, v. 1.

CHAPTER I.

THE LITTLE PARLOR.

Just as it was growing dusk on the 24th of December—the year of our Lord being of no importance—a traveller arrived at a small country inn, in the Isle of Wight, a favorite resort of tourists, within an easy walk of Bonchurch. The traveller was young and gentlemanly, distinguished rather by those easy manners which mark the man of the world and the scholar, than for handsome person or any other exterior advantages. He had evidently walked the last stage at least of his journey, and carried a small travelling-bag, his only luggage, in his hand. Other guests were in the house, and "the little parlor," as it was called, the only sitting-room unoccupied, was appropriated for his reception. Here his dinner was served, and here, towards seven o'clock, after having engaged a chamber for several nights, he sat with his slippers on, reading one of the Greek classics, which he took from his small amount of luggage, and which he appeared to be reading with some especial purpose, for he made careful notes as he went on, now on the margin of the page itself—and now, at greater length, on several sheets of paper evidently folded for this purpose.

Whilst he thus sat, with his whole mind evidently engrossed in study, a good fire blazing before him and lighting up, even more than his candles, every corner of the little parlor, the landlady entered, and holding the door in her hands, though not shutting it behind her, asked, with a courtesy, if, as a great favor, that he would allow a gentleman who had just arrived by coach, to share the parlor with him, and also take his refreshment in the room.

Our first traveller, whom we must call Dallas Wynwode, not pleased to have his studies thus interrupted, hesitated, on which the landlady said apologetically, that as her other guests were, in part, ladies, she could not ask them, and she had, absolutely no other room into which to take the newly arrived stranger; she could assure him that he was quite a gentleman, for she knew a gentleman at first sight, and had it been otherwise, she would not have asked the favor. But her house was small, though much frequented by the gentry, and even the nobility—and she had once before been in the same difficulty, that was when Lord Macarthur first came to her house; he came quite simply, as Mr. Wynwode had done, on foot, without a servant, and carrying his own luggage; she had no idea he was a lord, and she had to ask him to let a gentleman share his room, nay even his dinner, for he came just as dinner was served, and his lordship said—

But Wynwode, without waiting to hear what was his lordship's reply, laughed, and interrupting her, said,

"Of course Lord Macarthur was agreeable, and if he made no objection, neither must I. Let the gentleman come in, and welcome."

The next moment, the coach-traveller, great-coated and well wrapped for an outside coach journey at Christmas, entered, the landlady opening the door wide to admit him, and the waiter following, to assist him in freeing himself of his outer habiliments.

He was a young man, as was also the guest who had already possession of the apartment, but of a stronger build, less scholarly in appearance, but with a frank, agreeable countenance, and quiet decision of manner, as one who knew his own power, and was accustomed to battle his own way through life. Scarcely was he in the room, however, and before he was freed from his outer wrappings, than Wynwode, glancing from his book to take a survey of his fellow inmate, and divine liking or disliking from the first view, their eyes met, and he started up, an exclamation bursting from the lips of both:

"Wynwode!"

"Franklin!"

"What a happy rencontre! By Jove! what has brought you here?"

Then there were hand-shakings, the heartiest in the world, and each "could anything have been more strange? anything pleasanter?"

When the astonishment of the young men had somewhat subsided, and Franklin, the new-comer, had satisfied his rather rapacious appetite, and coffee had been brought in for them both, the conversation became at once serious and confidential.

"And now, Wynwode," said Franklin, "let us be perfectly candid with each other; and first I ask you a very plain question: for what are you here? If you do not like to be first interrogated, ask me the same question, and I will give you as honest an answer as I myself require."

"Oh, I have no objection to answer," replied Wynwode, with a candor equal to that of his friend. "Mine is a very simple story. I have been staying at Freshwater, at Tom Arbuthnot's—he has a very pretty cottage there; you remember Tom—'Little Tommy,' as we used to call him—he has married Lady Jane Thynne, the Earl of Linmark's daughter; I know the Thynnes very well; Lord Little is a particular chum of mine. They have often pressed me to come down, so I came a fortnight ago; it's a quiet place for study, and therefore it suits me in that respect; but they are a preciously stupid set; Tom's only good at billiards, and Lady Jane's religious—the only religious one of the family. And now a whole batch of aunts and cousins are down for Christmas, and, as the house is full, I made a virtue of necessity, and vacated till Twelfth Night, when there is to be a ball, and the whole neighborhood is invited. I was, in fact, glad to be off, and after breakfast this morning, taking my bag in my hand, walked over here."

Franklin listened patiently to this long story, and then simply said, interrogatively, "Well?" as if suspicious of intentional concealment, or that the most important information had yet to come.

"To-morrow I go to Bonchurch—and so do you!" said Wynwode, laughing; "we both of us know where to find a pleasant companion."

"I expected as much," said Franklin, "and I have no right to complain; the world is open to you as well as to me. But, Wynwode," said he, now speaking with earnest gravity, "let us understand each other. We were rivals at school—we were adversaries a long time—"

Wynwode stretched out his hand at these words, and seizing that of his friend, said, interrupting him, and speaking in a low voice, remarkable for its fine modulation,

"I know it; don't imagine, Franklin, that I have forgotten, or ever can forget, the injury I did you! Good heavens!" exclaimed he, clasping his hand over his eyes, "never, to my dying day, shall I forget the agony of the moment which followed that blow, and when I saw your blood, and knew, as I did instantly, that I had destroyed the sight of that eye for life, if not actually your life itself! They say that the grace of God," continued he, "can convert a sinner into a saint in a moment of time. I dare say it may be so; ifor, in a moment of time, I was changed—but I am afraid not by the grace of God; and from the exasperation of hatred, my soul was filled with remorse and pity, which would have made it easy for me at that time to have died for you!"

"Well, well," said Franklin, somewhat impatiently, "let that pass. The loss of the sight of that eye, of which in truth I now know nothing, nor does any body else, would be less than the loss of esteem for my friend, or disappointment. I will be frank with you, Wynwode, as regards the issue of my suit with Emily Fairfield."

"Have you, then, proposed?" asked Wynwode.

"No," said Franklin, "and I am not aware that she expects me to do so."

"Women always expect such things," said Wynwode; "Emily Fairfield expects us both to make her an offer, unless the one got the start of the other and she accepted him."

"Ours is a curious position," remarked Franklin; "we were rivals formerly, and bitter enemies you say. We became friends. Let not our friendship, through the love of the same woman, make us again enemies: and yet I could believe that possible."

"Never!" exclaimed Wynwode, warmly.

"How?" asked Franklin.

"Simply because I shall never be your rival," replied his friend: "if you will allow a sorry pun, you shall have a Fairfield all to yourself."

Franklin, however, scarcely smiled, and said, still speaking with grave earnestness; "No, Wynwode, we will have a clear understanding. We both love Emily Fairfield; I have known it long; I cannot say which of us would have the best chance with her—you, perhaps, because you are a man of the world and a scholar; her tastes are like yours; she is accomplished, highly educated, and beautiful—fitted to shine in the most polished circles; she is more brilliant than your Lady Marys and Lady Janes."

"That, indeed, she is!" exclaimed Wynwode, interrupting and laughing; "witness my being here at this moment."

The interruption seemed to annoy Franklin, and he went on. "No; in all probability you have the best chance; nevertheless, that shall not prevent me doing my part to win her. It shall be a Fairfield to us both, to make use of your pun, Wynwode, though only one of us can be the victor. Here we both are; fate has brought us here together, and together we will try our fortune. To me it is every thing, whatever it may be to you—everything—life or death—though in reality, perhaps, men do not die of such things; but all certainly which makes the difference between life with the fullest fruition, or the utmost deprivation; all that can make life in the present and the future either desirable or attractive to me lies in this one venture. It is no joke to me. I am an earnest man, undemonstrative it may be, and apparently engrossed by the outward business of life, but one who puts his whole soul into what he undertakes—and if he fail—"

Franklin pushed his hair back from his broad, strong forehead, and did not finish his sentence.

"It really is a sad thing," said Wynwode, gravely, "to see a man like you, set so high a stake on one throw! You take life too seriously. Even if you did not win this girl, there are plenty more."

"Not for me," said Franklin, with decision.

"As far as I am concerned," continued Wynwode, now speaking in a tone of earnest sincerity, "you shall have no rival—I will never cross your path!"

"Do you pretend, then, to say," returned his friend, "that you do not admire my love, Emily Fairfield!—that you do not think her superior to every other woman in the world?"

Wynwode again laughed heartily. "You are a regular lover," he said; "one is wrong whether one loves the lady or lets her alone! But, in truth, I do admire Emily Fairfield; I do think her superior to every other woman in the world. I know no one to compare with her either for wit, beauty, or any of those nameless attractions which captivate in a thousand ways. I love her, if you prefer it, but not so desperately as either to marry her or to shoot myself for her."

"You love her," re-insisted Franklin; "I know it."

"Yes," said his friend; "if you prefer it, I do love her, but not to the degree that you do. I love her with discretion; I love her well enough not to think of marrying her, for the very best of reasons—because I cannot afford to marry. I can hardly maintain myself, much less a wife, and especially such a wife as Emily Fairfield, who has herself nothing. I know what the world is, what society is, and I have my place in it; but, for the present, better certainly as a single than a married man.—When I marry, I must marry for wealth, and Emily Fairfield resembles me in this respect, that she must marry where there is money."

"You are ambitious," said Franklin; "you will wait till your good fortune throws an Earl's daughter into your arms, like little Tom Arbuthnot."

"It may be so," returned Wynwode, "but the case is quite different with you; your fortune is made; your uncle died on purpose to oblige you; you have become one of the merchant princes of the land before you are seven-and-twenty; you were made, from the first, for a family-man, a very Pater Familias, almost, whilst you were in your teens. Don't you remember our laugh against you when poor George Fairfield was alive, that Christmas when we were all in London together? We were waiting for you at Farance's to go to the opera. You did not come till long after the hour of appointment, and then what was your excuse?"

"How can I tell?" replied Franklin.

"Well, you shall hear, for I remember it as if it were only yesterday," continued Wynwode, "your head was full of 'Notre Dame,' which we had just been reading; and, as a preface to your excuse for being late, you asked if we remembered that eloquent and touching passage which opens one of the chapters, about a little child's new shoe; a holiday, a Sunday, a baptismal shoe; a shoe embroidered down to the very sole; 'Nothing touches the heart of a mother like such a little new shoe,' you said; 'I'll give you now a parody on that, for I know what touches my heart—a lovely little new pair of boots, such as one's wife might wear! I've been standing for hours at the window of a Ladies' Bootmaker in Bond street, and I am miserable because I cannot take home a dozen pair of dainty boots, of all colors, for my dear little wife!'"

And Wynwode laughed with infinite delight over the remembrance of his friend's youthful enthusiasm.

"What a simpleton!" exclaimed Franklin, with much disgust, but it was not at all clear to whom the epithet was applied, whether to himself or his friend.

"But joking apart," continued Wynwode, now speaking seriously, "you shall have no opposition from me. Were it any one but yourself, I cannot say what I might do. I flatter myself that I should have as good a chance with the lady as any one. I have been over several times since I have been at Freshwater, and have no doubt whatever but that my society is agreeable to her. Ha! you look angry, old fellow," said he, seeing Franklin's countenance fall, "but upon my soul I have no serious intentions, and I will never stand in your way! I have already done you injury enough; and as I have no serious intentions towards Emily Fairfield myself, and never can have, you shall find me no impediment; for spite of all the selfishness and hollowness which there is in the best of us, I have yet a true heart for an old friend—a friend that was born to me literally of suffering and blood—so here's my hand, and good luck to you!"

Franklin took the offered hand, but still appeared far from satisfied.

"You say," observed he, "that you have been over several times within the last fortnight; and you said before that she expected both of us to make her an offer—as far as I am concerned I hardly think it probable; you therefore speak only for yourself. Can you then look upon yourself as an honorable man, if you have given her reason to suppose that you were attached to her sufficiently to be ready to offer her your hand, and yet calmly tell me that you had no serious intentions of the kind—that you have known all along that you neither can marry, nor meant to marry? And in what position am I likely to find myself, if on the strength of your attentions, which meant nothing, that innocent, unsuspecting girl has given you her affections? You must pardon me, Wynwode, but such conduct would make me think you a villain; and I should set little store by your professions of friendship, feeling only too deeply that the last blow you would have given me in that case was a thousandfold more bitter and injurious than the other—to say nothing of your graver cruelty toward Emily Fairfield."

There was a tone of such acute suffering mingled with this expression of manly indignation, that Wynwode, whose better nature could not but acknowledge its truth, felt unable to resent it, as he otherwise might have done, and he therefore replied,

"You are the only man, Franklin, who would have dared to use the term villain coupled with my name—but I excuse it, because you are under no common excitement;—and as regards myself there is a homely proverb which I will call to your remembrance—'The devil is not so black as he is painted.' Wait therefore over to-morrow before you insult your old friend; see what your fate really is before you surmise what it may be. I'll bet ninety-nine to one that by this time to-morrow the whole world will not be able to contain your bliss! For the present, good-night. I am tired, and ready for sleep; much more so must you be. Good-night."

CHAPTER II.

CHRISTMAS MORNING.

The following morning, as bright a Christmas Day as ever rose upon the earth, without snow, without frost, and in the balmy climate of the Isle of Wight, soft and sunny almost as a May day, the two young men again met for breakfast. The conversation of the former night was not renewed, but both, with the good appetites of youth, appeared to enjoy the meal, whatever might be the undercurrent of feeling in the minds of one or both of them.

After breakfast they set out to walk together by a remarkably beautiful road beneath the "Undercliff," to the Rosery at Bonchurch, the beautiful residence of Emily Fairfield and her mother, intending then to accompany those ladies to church. The heights which they traversed looked out over the sea, now blue as the sea-bays of the Italian shore, into which stretched the feet and shoulders of the distant chalk-cliffs, looking afar off, like angels with white folded wings, standing sentinel between sea and land, and above a sky cloudless and deeply blue as at midsummer, spanned all in a loving embrace. The gray, riven sides of the "Undercliff," on their right, rose like the crumbling walls of some old fortress, showing itself between the woods and thickets through which they passed, now baring its bold front to the sun, now draped with masses of ivy and bearded clematis, the home of thousands of starlings and jackdaws, which chatted, twittered and circled in the sunshine, whilst flocks of snowy gulls took their whirling flights over the sea, sending forth their wild, piping cries. Nor were the woods through which the young men wound their way less beautiful than the cliff itself, for though leafless, their lichen-covered branches, massed also like the cliffs with ivy and clematis, drank in the sun, and reflected back colors almost more brilliant than those of summer, though of a different tone. Nor were these the only picturesque features of their path, for the ground was broken and diversified by large or lesser masses of rock, fallen from the cliffs, embedded in or clothed with a rich growth of thicket-vegetation, ivy, brambles, clematis, the sword like leaves of the hart's tongue, and the almost tropical-looking *Iris fœtida*, the gorgeous capsules of which, expanding their four-celled cups, looked like quaint green velvet caskets containing scarlet jewels.

Entering Bonchurch, they came upon human dwellings, here, as is, alas! so rarely the case, adding a charm to the picturesque loveliness of nature, so clothed were they with beauty, so ornamented were they with thatch and rustic work, so wreathed with ivy and passion-flower, now gemmed with its orange fruit, so enveloped in laurels and luxuriant evergreens and roses, occasionally still in bloom, that they looked perfect nests of human love and family delight, presented in their most attractive outward guise. Not a cottage, however small, or however humble its inhabitants, but here clothed itself in the natural grace of wreathing and twining creepers; every garden was rich in flowers, Christmas roses, shining forth like large, white water lilies, yellow aconites, snowdrops, mezereons, and monthly roses, deep red, and pale pink. Nor was this beauty confined alone to gardens; the roadsides had their parterres, in which ferns, hart's tongues, and the *Iris fœtida* rivalled the flowers. And every where, in the hedges, wild fruit displayed itself in an abundance which gave a brilliant flush of color; scarlet of the rowan and dog-wood berries; spikes of deep purple or black privet-berries, like little bunches of grapes; the orange fruit of the wild rose, the deep glow of the crimson haws; and, up among the branches of all these fruit-bearing, wayside trees, the most lovely of festooning ivy was clothing the whole interior of the trees, hanging from the topmost branches, like waving streamers. And, over all, low gushes of sunshine, bringing out and heightening every tint of color, and adding the magical effects of light and shadow to the whole.

Whilst our friends are taking this agreeable walk, observing, or probably, not observing, the beauty of the scenery, we will take the opportunity of saying a few words regarding them, so that the reader may become somewhat better acquainted with them than he would be able from the rencontre and conversation by which they were introduced to his notice. It will not occupy much space, for there is but little to be said.

They were both young men of good, that is to say, respectable families. The father of Dallas Wynwode, was a physician of moderate practice, but with a large family, three of whom were sons. He gave these youths excellent educations, but brought them all up, strange to say, to the profession of the law. All in their turn became briefless barristers, but as such they were not contented to remain. The eldest, growing weary of his London struggle, accepted a small appointment in the civil service of the East India Company, and went out to Madras; the second emigrated to Canada, following thither a young lady to whom he was attached, and settled down as a Canadian farmer. Dallas, with tastes and abilities, of what is called, a high order, dissevering himself from his family, where now were left six unmarried daughters of all ages, commenced life with the determination to rise; and therefore bending all his efforts, in the first instance to secure influential friends, associated only with men superior to himself in rank, position, or fortune. He was essentially a man of the world, and prided himself on never losing a friend who was worth keeping, his friends being always such as could now, or might at such future time, help him onward and upward.

At school, he found himself opposed, as by a law of necessity, by another boy, somewhat his junior, but who was remarkable for a downright honesty of purpose in everything he undertook; for uncompromising manliness of principle and singleness of heart, a rare character at any time, especially in a school-boy. Fortunately, however, for him, he had great physical strength and moral courage, so that he could defend the right either by steady perseverance, or by his fists, if need were; though he was always slow to fight. This was our John Franklin, the only child of his mother, and she was a widower; the hope and treasure of her life; the subject of her ardent and most faithful prayer. Franklin was called a Methodist when he first came, because in the simplicity of his heart and faith, he prayed night and morning by his bed, and though he soon discontinued the outward, more ostensible observance of this duty in submission to the ridicule and attention which it excited, still he could never be made other than steadfast and true in the fulfillment of every duty.

With abilities less brilliant than his senior Wynwode, he yet, by dint of perseverance and industry, rose to dispute with him the highest honors and places in the school. Though principally distinguished by such humdrum qualifications as patience and perseverance, he was at the same time, ambitious and emulative of distinction; nothing could deter or daunt him from the path which duty or inclination led him to pursue; but being honest and upright to a proverb, he never condescended to obtain his object by other than the most open and honorable means. Wynwode, on the contrary, with the most keen and powerful intellect, and a memory of wonderful fidelity, gave himself but little trouble to learn. No boy apparently worked so little and so carelessly, yet accomplished so much. His ambition was indomitable; he would have all or nothing; he was sarcastic and bitter; implacable in hatred, and prided himself on never stopping half way; on never failing of the fullest accomplishment of his purpose, either by force of intellect, or any strategy of war.

Wynwode and Franklin divided the school; each was at the head of his faction, and it was believed that they hated each other mortally. They had fought many battles of all kinds, intellectual, moral and physical, but neither of them was ever able to gain the supremacy over the other. Though so different, they were the most equally matched combatants that ever met. Their animosity and rivalry, however, was destined to have a singular end.

On one occasion, when Wynwode's passions were aroused to an extraordinary pitch, owing to Franklin having carried all the honors of one term, and when some of his partisans had still further excited him by some satirical verses on the occasion, he struck Franklin a blow on the side of the face, because he saw him laughing over the verses, forgetting at the same time that he had an open penknife in his hand: the sharp blade pierced the cheek just below the eye, entered the eye, and Franklin fell fainting, and, as it was at first supposed, dead, to the ground. The instant reaction of feeling on Wynwode's part was extraordinary; probably he had already begun to esteem and to regard with kindly interest, which he was too proud to acknowledge, his high-minded and truly honorable rival. But let that be as it might, this outrage upon him destroyed instantly all the old sentiment of animosity. As we have already heard him say, his own suffering was equal to that of his antagonist. Franklin suffered greatly for some time, and though outwardly there was no apparent injury to the eye, yet from that moment the sight was quite gone. A noble and frank nature evidently lay below the recklessness and want of principle so frequently exhibited by Wynwode, and on this occasion it asserted itself.

From this day they were fast friends, and sharing together the mastery of the school, stood at its head, side by side, as a pair of noble combatants, and were henceforth known as Castor and Pollux.

At the same school, and an actor more or less in the same scenes, were two other youths, Tom, or Tommy Arbuthnot, as he was called, in contempt of his small stature and the slender calibre of his mind, and George Fairfield, another youth, like our friends, of the highest promise. Fairfield and Franklin were chosen friends from the first, known as "the Inseparables," and continued such even after the heads of the two great school-factions had coalesced, for Fairfield and Wynwode were at this time not at all attracted to each other. Fairfield was of a studious, gentle disposition, and having been extremely delicate in his childhood and youth, had no aptitude for the boisterous and athletic sports of his compeers. He was, in the beginning, Franklin's fag, but it was not a hard service, for Franklin was his friend and champion. Among other benefits which he was enabled to confer upon him, was one which could not be forgotten. He had the satisfaction of saving his life, at the risk of his own, when they were bathing with other boys, under the care of one of the masters, in a river near the school. This act of youthful heroism won for Franklin the gratitude of Fairfield's family, and his father, who was then living, would willingly have formed no plans for his son, without associating his young friend in them. But Franklin's course in life had long been marked out for him. His father's brother, a ship-owner of Liverpool, without family, had given a promise to his brother, on his death-bed, to provide for his son, then a boy under ten years of age, and this promise he had faithfully kept so far, and would keep to the end. At eighteen, after receiving the most liberal education, suitable at the same time for his appointed walk in life, it was intended that he should enter his uncle's counting house, and taking the lowest seat, like any other clerk, rise to the highest. So far was clear and definite, but what were his further views regarding him, his uncle had never made known.

Mr. Fairfield, therefore, who was a country clergyman on only a moderate living, would do nothing to advance the youth's prospects in life; he was, however, a welcome and honored guest in the family, and took, as it were, the place of a second son. Even in those early days the little, wild, but singularly beautiful and attractive Emily, was an object of admiration to her brother's grave friend, and the little coquette of eight or ten played off her arts and her fascinations to win the notice of the handsome youth, who was almost ten years her senior.

At the time when Fairfield went to Cambridge, Franklin, then an articled clerk to his uncle, was taking his first dry lesson in double-entry, and it was at the University that an intimacy which became, in the end, almost a friendship, sprung up between the old schoolfellows, Wynwode and Fairfield, both now of Jesus College. Both distinguished themselves greatly at Cambridge, and Wynwode's brilliant abilities and social qualities won him many friends among the young men of rank

and fortune in the University. Fairfield, on the contrary, was a quiet student, whose only desire or ambition was to attain the very highest class honors. And in this respect he was successful; he was second to none in any branch of study, and his father's death occurring at this time, his efforts were renewed with increased earnestness, in order that he might command the most distinguished patronage, for the sake of his mother and sister, who now, in some measure, had become his charge. But the stupendous efforts which he made taxed nature too severely; for scarcely did he know himself acknowledged as the first man of his year, when he was attacked by brain fever, and, at his request, just before he lost consciousness, Franklin was sent for. By him, his dearest friend, his last breath was received, even before Mrs. Fairfield, then abroad with her daughter, could be apprized of his illness.

These circumstances had naturally given Franklin a deep hold on the affection and interest of Mrs. Fairfield, to whom this was a blow which had no parallel in her life. But He who ordains the cross for His children enables them to bear it, and Mrs. Fairfield seeking only to Him for help and strength, again rose up into the activity of life, and her whole being centred itself in her daughter, now her only child, her only tie to life.

Years passed on, of which nothing need be told, and at length Franklin, at eight-and-twenty, found himself, by the death of his uncle, the heir of his immense property, and head of the important firm which he had now served faithfully so long as a clerk. This unexpected change in his circumstances naturally turned the thoughts of him who always had, as Wynwode said, the soul of a family man within him, towards matrimony. He had never seen but one woman whom he wished to make his wife, and that was Emily Fairfield, but as a merchant's clerk merely, he did not feel himself justified in asking her to share his fortunes, because, unless he had the prospect of a share in the business, however small it might be, his was not the position in life which a girl of her character and singular fascinations could be expected to take, nor would his uncle listen to any of his requests on this subject, though otherwise uniformly kind to him. For this reason, Franklin very rarely visited his friends, and many an anxious fear crossed his mind as to his own chances with her, which it seemed to him every day must make less. However, as Wynwode said, his uncle died, as if to oblige him, and now the first thing he did, after ascertaining that all the promises of his good fortune were really such as they appeared, and having written to Mrs. Fairfield to inform her of this unexpected change in his circumstances, in which he was sure of her sincere sympathy, was to post away to the object of his affections, with a heart becoming more and more anxious and uncertain the nearer he approached. And we have seen him arrive the preceding evening, but only to meet, as he feared, the most dangerous of rivals.

But now the bells of Bonchurch are ringing, and our friends, ascending a long flight of steps to the Rosery, and entering its garden, amid flowering laurustinas and roses, have reached the passion-flower and jasmin-wreathed porch, only to learn from the servant, that the ladies had been gone about a quarter of an hour, and must be now in church, for the bells had ceased ringing. Franklin, to whom the first meeting seemed too momentous to be encountered without apprehension, felt almost relieved on hearing this, but Wynwode was vexed and disappointed, and the two walked rapidly to the church to find themselves the last arrivals, and that therefore their late entrance would attract attention. That was of small consequence, however, though by the merest chance, as it happened, the two strangers were taken to a seat, almost the only vacant one in the church, at no great distance from Mrs. Fairfield and her daughter, but somewhat in advance of them, so that they were exactly in their view, whilst they could not be seen by the young men unless they turned round for that purpose.

The congregation were kneeling as they entered, and when Emily and her mother rose from their knees they were both startled by the sight of the newly arrived, whom they both instantly recognized. Few people, I fear, would be so deeply occupied by their devotions, as not in a case of this kind to be guilty of a momentary, if not much longer diversion of mind. As regarded Mrs. Fairfield herself, a prayer rose instantly into her heart, such as had often been breathed forth before, that He who first ordained marriage, and without whose blessing no true marriage can take place, would be pleased to order her daughter's marriage aright—would keep her heart disengaged and pure for the one object who was worthy of her love, and for whom she also, in her turn, might be made worthy.

There is no doubt whatever but that Mrs. Fairfield, though she had never said so much to her daughter, cherished a secret wish that John Franklin, the beloved friend of her deceased son, almost himself an adopted son of the house, though he had of late so carefully absented himself, might be the one appointed by Heaven as her daughter's companion through life. Of Wynwode she had long been afraid. He, unlike Franklin, was a frequent guest, always gay, always acceptable to Emily. He came, bringing with him books, music and news of the great and gay world from which they were exiled, but for which her daughter, so well calculated to shine in it, had a natural craving. And with these, he never failed to bring evidences of his own success, power, or ability; he sent her quarterlies containing articles written by himself; newspapers of high standing, in which were leaders from his pen; reviews of literature and art, brilliant, witty and full of knowledge of books and the world, written in that peculiar style of assumption which belongs exclusively to the world, and which depreciates and ignores all who are out of the sphere of the writer's sympathies. It was called clever writing, and was greatly admired; and Wynwode was paid ten times as much for his articles as men with quite as much, or even more knowledge than himself, but whose characteristic was their modesty. He was a member of one of the most aristocratic clubs, and the number of his aristocratic friends grew daily. He was a ready and eloquent speaker, and was gifted with the very talents which would enable him to figure in the senate. Of this his friend, the Earl of Sevenoaks, Lady Jane Arbuthnot's father, was so strongly convinced, that he promised him on the first opportunity a seat in parliament for one of his boroughs.

All this was known to Mrs. Fairfield, and not the less feared she that he might acquire an influence on the affections of her daughter. When she saw the two young men in the seat before her, a presentiment crossed her mind, that the important time was now at hand which would decide, and that in one of these two men she beheld the future husband of her daughter; and attending still less to the service as it proceeded than to the anxious fears of her maternal heart, she prayed with the utmost fervency of spirit that He whose birth they celebrated that day, the Saviour of mankind, would indeed be a Saviour in this wise, and deliver her daughter from the evil of a dangerous passion.

"Lead her not, oh, Saviour, into temptation, but deliver her indeed from evil!" prayed she with her whole being.

Whilst her mother was thus wrestling as it were to obtain for her the blessing, Emily was no less occupied. Like her mother she had the presentiment of an important moment being at hand, and she also, ceasing to pay any further attention to the service, though she went through it mechanically, thought her own thoughts. It was three years since she had seen Franklin, and now she was twenty. When he wrote to her mother on his uncle's death, announcing to her the change in his prospects and position, the letters had seemed to her but the precursor of a visit. Now here he was; and a something within her heart told her that the visit had especial reference to herself, but instead of her heart leaping up with joy in this consciousness, an anxiety and dread of approaching trouble oppressed her, and she felt like some one in a frightful dream who would flee from his terror but cannot. Wynwode had of late been so frequent a visitor that her mind was much more *en rapport* with him than with Franklin. He was so cheerful himself; he brought so much life and gaiety with him, and such an atmosphere of the gay, powerful, fascinating world, on the outside of which she lived, yet for the flatteries and enchantments of which her heart secretly yearned, that he exercised, as it were, a magical influence over her, and she experienced a sort of joyful intoxication in his presence. Very different was the man who stood by his side; handsomer certainly than he, incomparably more wealthy, and undoubtedly his superior in moral qualities; the friend of her deceased brother, capable, as he had proved himself, of heroic self-sacrifice, well educated, and a gentleman by birth; literally her own first love, for she remembered, when a mere girl, when considered and reproved as a young coquette, willing even then to attract the admiration of her brother's friend, how it was not mere coquetry, but a very sincere passion in a young, romantic, and unusually ardent heart. Could she now love him as warmly, now that she was so much more capable of judging of her own acquirements, and now that his character had stood the test of so many years? Could she love him?

Each young man had placed himself in a corner of the seat, so that without turning round he could glance backward into the church, or rather at the object of attention which had brought him there. At the moment Emily asked herself the question—"Could I love him now as I loved him so many years ago?" their eyes met; a deep blush suffused Emily's face, and mortified and angry at this exhibition of consciousness, she said, within her own, heart, No!

Wynwode also caught her eye, but this time she did not blush; and a voice, whether evil or good, whispered within her soul, "Life would be much more brilliant, much more attractive with Wynwode; just as society in the capital is superior to that of the provincial town; there is much more in common between us two. If he makes me an offer, I know that my fate is sealed—even though it should be to my own misery—my own eternal ruin!" seemed as if spoken within the depths of her soul. Emily shuddered and seemed to pause; but that portion of her being which was then predominant and defiant, maintained its position. The refined, aristocratic Wynwode; life in the capital; influence and position in the world, the gay, fascinating world to which he belonged, these had the strongest hold upon her.

The sermon was ended, not a word of which Emily had heard; and all knelt or bent forward as in prayer. Emily's mother prayed for her:

"Oh, Lord, be Thou her guide, and keep her from evil; let her not be misled by outward fascination, by the attraction of anything which is not Thine! Keep her, Lord Jesus, and deliver her from evil!"

At the church door the young men were warmly greeted. Emily was crimson as a rose: a joy as of the light of Heaven itself beamed from her eyes; her beautiful wavy hair, the color of ripe nuts, seemed full of sunshine. What a buoyant, lovely creature she was! Franklin felt almost beside himself with love, yet he looked grave, and gave his arm to Mrs. Fairfield—Emily walked home with Wynwode, as she went talking merrily.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ OUR ASTRONOMICAL RELATIONS.—When Sir William Hamilton announced to the Royal Irish Academy his discovery of the central sun—the star round which our orb of day and his planetary attendants revolve—a waggish member exclaimed, "What! our sun's sun! why, that must be a *grand sun!*"

☞ He is base—and that is the one base thing in the universe, to receive favors and render none. In the order of nature we cannot render benefits to those from whom we receive them, or only seldom; but the benefit we receive must be rendered again, line for line, deed for deed, cent for cent, to somebody. Beware of too much good staying in your hand. Pay it away quickly in some sort—our strength grows out of our weakness.—*Emerson.*

☞ Every heart has its secret sorrow, which the world knows not; and oftentimes we call a man cold when he is only sad.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JUNE 18, 1859.

TERMS.

The subscription price of THE POST is $2 a year in advance—served in the city by Carriers—or 4 cents a single number. For $5, in advance, one copy is sent three years—or four copies sent to one direction for one year.

Persons residing in BRITISH NORTH AMERICA must remit TWENTY-FIVE CENTS in addition to the subscription price, as we have to prepay the United States Postage.

THE POST, it will be noticed, has something for every taste—the young and the old, the ladies and gentlemen of the family may all find in its ample pages something adapted to their peculiar liking.

Back numbers of THE POST can generally be obtained at the office, or of any energetic Newsdealer.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving, it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

ADVERTISEMENTS.—THE POST is an admirable medium for advertisements, owing to its great circulation, and the fact that only a limited number are given. Advertisements of new books, new inventions, and other matters of general interest are preferred. For rates, see head of advertising columns.

TO CHANCE READERS.

For the information of chance readers, we may state that among the contributors to THE POST, are

G. P. R. James, Esq., author of Richelieu, Old Dominion, &c.	Mary Howitt.
T. S. Arthur.	Grace Greenwood.
Emma Alice Browne. Author of "Letters from Paris."	Florence Percy.
Author of "The Scout."	Martha Russell.
	Mrs. M. A. Denison. Author of "My Last Cruise."
	Author of "The Ebony Casket," &c., &c.

The productions of many other writers of great celebrity are also yearly published, from the English and other periodicals, giving thus to our readers the very best productions of the very best minds, either as written for THE POST, or as fresh selections—which course insures a greater variety and brilliancy of contents, than could possibly be attained in any other way.

In addition to this Literary matter, we also furnish weekly, Agricultural Articles, Useful Receipts, the Foreign and Domestic News, the Markets, &c., &c., &c.

NEW STORY BY MARY HOWITT.

We commence in the present paper a story written especially for THE POST, by Mary Howitt, which will run through about five numbers. It is, we think, one of the finest and most effective productions of this accomplished authoress.

THE EUROPEAN REPUBLICANS.

The leaders of the European Republicans seem to differ very widely as to the proper course to be taken in the present war. Garibaldi is actively engaged in the Sardinian service, while Mazzini, heretofore considered the leading Republican of Italy, has no faith in Louis Napoleon, and evidently believes that "grapes are not to be gathered of thorns, nor figs of thistles." Kossuth, however, has made a speech in London, in which he decidedly leans towards Louis Napoleon, as compared with his old enemy, the House of Hapsburgh, and it is evident will do all he can to raise an insurrection in Hungary. Kossuth says, in effect, that Italy once free of Austria, it will be her own fault if she does not maintain her independence against France. But how short-sighted such a view is. If Louis Napoleon is victorious, the end of the war will find him absolute master of northern Italy, with all its chief fortresses garrisoned by French troops. Even Sardinia will be—for that matter is now—completely in his hands, to do with as he thinks best; for the Sardinian army has been broken up, and attached to the different French divisions, so that it no longer can act in an independent manner. Therefore, if Austria be defeated, Louis Napoleon will be master of Italy, restrained by nothing but the fear of foreign interference, from doing with her precisely what he thinks best. And, if he would, he cannot forget that he is Emperor of France, which nation will require of him something to show in compensation for its lavish outlay of life and treasure. For substantial material outlays, every nation expects substantial material rewards. If Lombardy is given to Sardinia, France may take Savoy. She must have something—some extension of dominion, direct or indirect. For Italy, how can it be otherwise than a mere change of masters? And though she has a right to change her masters—the wisdom of such a change may not be very apparent.

As to Hungary, it seems impossible that she can become, in any event, an independent state. She is not large enough, of herself, to resist the ambitious designs of Russia.—And, if the present union of small states which is called the Austrian Empire, is broken up, can a new union be formed sufficiently powerful to protect itself? This is the great practical question which arises whenever the independence of Hungary is alluded to. Austria once broken up, will not her principal fragments be absorbed by Russia, on one pretext or another, before they have time to crystallize around some other centre? It is in this light that the question presents itself to English and German statesmen. What they call "the balance of power," is simply this—a means of self defence against France or Russia, or both, grown immensely powerful by dividing between themselves the rest of Europe. Some superficial observers say, "What is Austria to England?" when it is evident that Germany's safety may depend upon Austria, and England's, to say nothing of Sweden's and Denmark's, upon Germany.

The practical question, therefore, seems to be, so far as Hungary is concerned, "Shall Hungary be a portion of Austria or of Russia?" Now, Austria, as her multitude of common schools, her abolition of serfdom, her attention to material progress, prove, is further advanced in the march of civilization than Russia.—What, then, would Hungary gain by the change? If the position of Hungary is such that she *must* be—notwithstanding the admitted desirableness of independence,—either Austrian or Russian, why encourage such noble but, we fear, visionary advocates of liberty as Kossuth in attempts that, however much the fact may be regretted, we, as practical men, see can have but one of two endings?

War is such a horrible affair, that to disturb the peace of nations without at least a probable prospect of success in obtaining some great good, has always been characterised by moralists as positively criminal. Inasmuch as we see no reasonable prospect of any substantial gain either to Italy or Hungary from the present war, we agree with Mazzini rather than with Garibaldi and Kossuth.

THE BATTLE OF MONTEBELLO.—Both the French and Austrians profess to be well satisfied with the results of this first battle. The fact probably is that neither have great cause for satisfaction. The numbers on both sides were probably about equal towards the close of the fray—though the French were outnumbered, and compelled to fall back, at the first. As they received reinforcements, they drove the Austrians in their turn. The French were triumphant evidently, as the Austrians were compelled to retire, leaving two hundred of their number prisoners. That their defeat was not a rout, is proved by their going no further than Casteggio—which place they evacuated the next day at their leisure. The object of their attack was probably the reported one—to see in what strength the enemy was, in order to judge upon what point Louis Napoleon was concentrating his forces. As to the fighting of the two forces, both evidently fought well. The Turin correspondent of the London News, whose prepossessions are in favor of the French, says:

Gen. Forey and the Sardinian cavalry Colonel De Sonnaz behaved nobly. It is impossible to ascertain the loss sustained by the enemy, because the official report has not yet arrived in Turin. According to the accounts of my informant, the Austrians have lost 1,500 men, dead and wounded, to say the least. It has been noticed that their men could not stand the impetuosity of the Zouaves' and Chasseurs' bayonets and of Sardinian swords. As soon as they were assaulted with the deadly weapons they were always driven pell-mell from their positions—and the village of Montebello was thus taken and retaken thrice during the action. I make no pretension whatever to send you a correct description of the battle. As I have already said, this brilliant exploit admits of no description—it is only a sketch that I present to your readers.

Now, read the above carefully. Mark, the Austrians "could not stand before the Zouaves' bayonets and the Sardinians' swords"—"as soon as they were assaulted they were always driven pell-mell from their positions," and, yet, observe, "the village of Montebello was *thus taken and retaken thrice* during the action." The reflective reader will query how it was that the village had to be taken "thrice"—if the French and Sardinians were always so irresistible.

As for the numbers engaged at Montebello, at somewhere from five to ten thousand on each side we may probably put it. Count Stadion, according to Vienna advices, crossed the Po with over 20,000 men—but from this large force we must deduct the detachments left along the route to Casteggio, at which place also the Austrians seem to have stationed a large reserve, sending on merely an advance corps to attack Montebello. The Austrian correspondent of the *London Times*, says:—

From the heights of Montebello the Austrians beheld a novelty in the art of war. Train after train arrived by railway from Voghera, each train disgorging its hundreds of armed men, and immediately hastening back for more. In vain Count Stadion endeavored to crush the force in front of him before it could be increased enough to overpower him. The battle was kept up without any decisive result till dark, when he retired, having fully accomplished his purpose of discovering the position and force of the enemy. His loss, however, has been great—10 officers killed and 16 wounded, (one a General of Brigade, Braun,) and 400 men killed and wounded. The French were commanded by Gen. Baraguay d'Hilliers. The Austrians say they fought splendidly; "*Der Franzose ist ein magnifiker kerl,*" is an expression I have heard often to-day. A regiment of Sardinian Lancers, on the other hand, was nearly destroyed, completely ridden over, by some Hussars.

On the whole, we set down the battle of Montebello, as one of those indecisive contests in which little is gained by either party to counterbalance the terrible waste of human life.

FRENCH FREEDOM.—A Paris correspondent of the Liverpool Journal, says that warnings and threats of suspension to the French newspapers, have been very numerous of late. One paper has been suspended because the Minister of the Interior saw a grave offence in a rough witticism upon the extent of the imperial crinoline, which the editor declared would soon extend as far as the fortifications of Paris—the witticism referring doubtless to the regency of the Empress during the Emperor's absence. We wonder if this is the kind of "liberty" that is to be conferred upon Italy—and, if it is, how much more it will be valued than the Austrian "despotism?"

QUESTIONS, ANSWERS, &c.

POSTMASTER. All that story about the forgery of the postage stamps, and the use of re-washed stamps, by which the Department is defrauded to the extent of a million of dollars yearly, is the ridiculous coinage of an unscrupulous New York journal, which is edited on the "sensation principle." There is no reason to believe that any forged stamps have been manufactured, and the losses from the using of imperfectly defaced stamps must be very small indeed. If in any district a much larger amount of stamps should be received than were sold there, the attention of the Department would be at once attracted, and means taken to detect any fraud. So far, the sales of stamps have yearly exceeded their receipts, as the following statistics prove. In the Postmaster General's Report of 1858-9, exhibiting the operations of the Department to June 30, 1858, the following appears in the letter of the Auditor, at page 822:

The amount of postage stamps and stamped envelopes sold by Postmasters during the fiscal year, was	$5,700,314 93
Of this there were used and cancelled	2,367,616 53
	$333,698 50

The official Report of the previous year to June 30, 1857, exhibits the following on the same subject:—

The amount of postage stamps and stamped envelopes sold by Postmasters during the fiscal year, was	$5,648,755 32
Of this there were used and cancelled	5,070,527 86
	$378,227 46

The average difference of about $340,00 is accounted for by the stamps on hand and unused in the large offices and in the pockets of the community. The whole story referred to is a *canard* of the largest kind.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS. It is the fact. The Medical Convention recently held in this city, positively did resolve, with but two dissenting voices, to "discountenance and refuse all professional intercourse with the Faculties and Graduates of Female Medical Colleges." As the reasons for this apparently harsh and ungentlemanly course have not been published, we hesitate to express any opinion upon the subject. Unless some reason can be given which has not occurred to us, we think this action not of that enlarged and magnanimous character which we should have expected from a body of gentlemen and scholars. While we do not ourselves believe that women, as a class, will ever attain to any high proficiency in general medical practice, still we see no reason for refusing to treat the Faculties and Graduates of properly conducted Female Colleges with all respect and courtesy.

F. W.—The answer to your enigma, you say, is the celebrated poet artist, Thomas Buchanan *Reid*. There is no such person. There is a poet artist of the name of Read, to whom you allude perhaps. But an enigma in which such an error appears, is condemned at once.

M. P. J.—Your five questions about the island of Madagascar we cannot pretend to answer. It would take us some time to acquire so much information, and after we had acquired it, it would do us very little good. If you really want to know all about Madagascar, you can refer to some Gazetteer, or consult works of travel in which that island is mentioned. Probably any of the booksellers who advertise in THE POST, could send you a work referring to the island.

STUDENT. We do not entirely agree with President Buchanan, in his views relative to short and long sentences. Mr. Buchanan, as we find his remarks reported, said:—"There is great merit in short sentences. The author who uses long sentences is always laboring with difficulty. One distinct idea, distinctly set forth, has more potency than a book full of those in which everything under the sun is jumbled together, as is so commonly the case among our modern writers. The ancient style was the best style, and that was the style of Calhoun and Webster." Now, if the President will pardon us, we think there is no particular merit either in short or long sentences. Short sentences are useful in their place, and so are long ones. There should be no mannerism in writing—the sentences should correspond with the thought, and be either long or short, as the occasion requires. One of the most effective things that Webster ever said, was the concluding sentence of his reply to Hayne, winding up with "Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable"—but that was a long, and somewhat involved, sentence. Dr. Channing, at one period of his life, injured his compositions by striving too much after short sentences. The best way to write, we think, is to have the thought clear in the brain before you begin, and then not trouble yourself as to whether the sentences are short or long ones. By glancing over the Scriptures, and the works of the best authors—such as Shakspeare, Milton, Jeremy Taylor, &c.—you will find that some of the most splendid and effective passages are not only long, but very long sentences.

New Publications.

NOTES ON BOOKS.

Our readers who have been interested week after week for some time past, in the feats and fortunes of THE CAVALIER, may like to know that the story has re-appeared in one handsome volume, published by Messrs. T. B. Peterson & Brothers, of this city. This gives them the opportunity of reading the tale again, as no doubt many of them will wish to, and as it is put in type so clear and large that the weakest eyes cannot complain, the re-reading may be done with one pleasure more added to the pleasures which the story itself affords.—Readers will find themselves favored, too, with a fine portrait of the author, which fronts the title-page, and may serve to put them, as it were, on personal relations with him. For some reason or other, we all desire to see the man, or a picture of the man, who has written a book we like. Everybody enjoys the Waverley Novels a little better for being familiar with the good and genial face of Sir Walter.—As for James's face, it is the face of a cavalier, and he only wants the Vandyke costume of the days of King Charles, to pass for one of the heroes of his own pages. A cavalier countenance set before a story of the cavaliers, is a pleasant correspondence.

Touching the story itself, we need not, of course, notice it critically. Our readers know all about it by this time. It certainly has one transcendant merit, in that it utters nothing base. Nobody can possibly be worse, and everybody will probably be better for reading it. The modern novel enters very largely into the formation of both manners and character. The talk and ideas and deportment of our young men and women are, to a singular extent, borrowed from the romances of the day. This being so, one could wish that all the novels were at least so much like THE CAVALIER as to offer for imitation no bad manners and bad morals, made attractive by alliance with better traits of character or conduct, or disguised with specious rhetoric. If Bernard March and Lucy Lansdale multiply themselves in the young men and women who make their acquaintance in these pages, no person of good taste and good feeling can well be incensed or offended.

☞ A FATAL NUMBER.—The number 21 had a curious importance for Louis XVI. He was married on the 21st of April, 1770; on the 21st of June took place his marriage *fete*, when several thousand lives were lost; on the 21st of June 1791, he fled from Paris to Varennes, and was captured by the revolutionists; he was judged by a commission of 21 members; and beheaded on the 21st of January, 1793.

☞ Ballads are the gipsy children of song, born under green hedgerows, in the leafy lanes and by-paths of literature, in the genial summer-time.—*Longfellow.*

IS STRYCHNINE EMPLOYED IN THE MANUFACTURE OF WHISKEY?

HIGHLAND, ILL., June 4th, 1859.

Mr. Editor of the Saturday Evening Post:

In your issue of the 28th ult., you express a desire, under the caption of Questions and Answers, to hear from some one of your readers, who has a positive knowledge upon the subject, "Whether strychnine is employed in the manufacture of whiskey." In accordance with your wish, I deem it proper, having been a manufacturer of whiskey and alcohol for the last thirteen years, to give an answer to your question.

Your correspondent Dr. W., is certainly right when he doubts the statement. You, too, Mr. Editor, will doubt it, when you think the matter over, and so will every other man who has the least knowledge of chemistry. What chemical properties have strychnine and whiskey in common? Whiskey is composed of water and alcohol. Neither of these strychnine cant supply, and to increase the quantity you can put nothing in but alcohol or water. Whiskey, as you are probably aware, is gauged before it is sold, and is paid for according to the quantity of alcohol it contains. Nothing is paid, so to speak, for the water. How then can strychnine supply alcohol, which is the only valuable part of the whiskey?

The notion that distillers use strychnine in the manufacture of whiskey, has most likely its origin in this:—The making of distillery yeast (the most important part of the business,) is a secret, and known to distillers only. In the manufacture of this yeast some drugs are employed, of which, though entirely harmless, from their being a secret a great deal is made of. This secrecy notwithstanding, I shall give you the names of these drugs. They are:—ginger, magnesia, sugar, and salt. Some distilleries use only one; others, two and three; very seldom all four. All these articles have, though composed of different chemical materials, this in common—that they prevent the formation of the acid of vinegar, when the yeast and mash is in fermentation, and in this wise increase the yield of whiskey; hops will do the same, and are also employed, and to a greater extent than all the above articles, because they are cheaper. But all these drugs never go into the whiskey—they are all separated by chemical operations again before the whiskey is ready; and so would strychnine, if it was employed, which it is not. Strychnine is too costly an article, to be used in the manufacture of whiskey, even if it could be used:—too costly at least to be used to such an extent that it ever would do any harm to the whiskey drinker, or to the cattle eating the slop. To give you an idea how little of these drugs are used, I need only to tell you that with twenty-four ounces of ginger, twelve ounces of magnesia, and four pounds of sugar, I generally manufacture from four to six thousand barrels of whiskey; and as these drugs go into the mash*—about fifteen barrels of which will make one barrel of whiskey, they consequently go into from sixty to ninety thousand barrels of mash, so even if they were all strychnine, you would certainly call this super-homœopathic treatment, not to mention that the whiskey is entirely separated again from it by distillation.

Domestic brandies manufactured from whiskey, are sometimes doctored with drugs, (and I am sorry to say that some of these articles are detrimental to the health of the consumers,) but this is done to give the brandy what is called body, age and the particular flavor of the liquor intended to be imitated, and not to increase the quantity.

The reason that this charge has not been answered and denied before, is certainly no other than that it is so ridiculous. If whiskey had to be mixed with strychnine to such an extent, as to endanger the lives or health of the consumers, it could not be sold for what it is sold for now. The Legislature of Ohio may in their ignorance have passed such a law as you mention, but there has certainly never been a conviction under it, and never will be.

To sum up, Mr. Editor:—I have been engaged in the business for thirteen years, and have manufactured thousands of barrels of whiskey. I am well acquainted with a good many other distillers and their different modes of manufacturing, but never have I known a distiller to use a grain of strychnine; nor have I ever used one myself.

Very respectfully, your
SUBSCRIBER.

* When fermented called beer, and when distilled or separated from the whiskey called slop.

A CONSOLING LETTER FROM A RUNAWAY WIFE TO HER HUSBAND.—Some time since the wife of Mr. Poulin, a merchant of St. Joseph, Missouri, ran away with her husband's clerk, taking along a little daughter. The following letter, written by the woman to her husband, is published in the St. Joseph Journal, and for coolness and impudence beats anything of the kind that has come under our observation. The girl Lucy, mentioned in the letter, is a servant belonging to Mr. Poulin, worth about $900, and the child which she proposes to exchange is her own, about four years of age. The letter is post-marked Cincinnati, Ohio:—

MAY 23, 1859.

Mr. Isadore Poulin—Dear Sir:—I wish to write to you a few lines, to give you some news of us, and to tell you that Eugenie speaks of you every day, and that she wants to go and see her Papa in the store, and she cries for her good Honorine and her black Lucy every day. I hope you are not mad at me because I went away with Mr. Augusta. I am very happy with him—he treats me like a wife. *I do not regret* what I have done, for I am happy with him. I will tell you one thing—if you will give me Lucy, I will give you up Eugenie; if not, you cannot get her. If you are willing to do so, you can come yourself and get her. We will be glad to see you. I want you to write right away, as soon as you get this letter; cause we might be gone from here if you wait too long. Direct your letter to Eugenie Poulin, Cincinnati, Ohio. Write right off. I cannot wait no longer than ten days. Mr. Augusta will write to you when we receive an answer from you. We are all well, and wish you the same. Kiss the children for me. MARY.

IMPORTANT DECISION.—The Board of Army Engineers, to whom the General Government assigned the duty of inspecting the bridge over the Mississippi, at Rock Island, Illinois, have pronounced it an impediment to navigation, and recommended its removal, as applied for by the Chamber of Commerce of St Louis, Mo.

LETTER FROM PARIS.

THE FIRST FRUITS OF THE WAR—A REMARKABLE PROPHECY—A HISTORICAL PUZZLE.

Paris, May 26, 1859.

Mr. Editor of the Post:

We have as yet, from the seat of war, only news of a single skirmish, which took place on the 20th, in the plain of Montebello, and in which the French had the advantage. The French and Austrian versions of the affair differ very widely: the former asserting that the Austrian force consisted of 15,000 men, the number of French troops not being stated, and the latter giving 3,000 as the number of the Austrians, and 15,000 as that of the French.—It is clear, however, from the list of the French regiments engaged, that the French had not less than from 6,000 to 8,000 men, including the Sardinian division. The Austrians claim to have retired in good order from the field; the French declare them to have fled in confusion. It is certain that the conflict, though on a small scale, was sharply conducted on both sides; the French have lost one of the two Generals engaged, three out of four Colonels are wounded, and of the twelve other officers, one has been killed, and three are wounded. The total loss of the French army is stated here at between 500 and 600 killed and wounded; while the Austrians are said to have had 2,000 killed, and 200 taken prisoners. To-day it is rumored that another engagement has taken place; but we have no official notification of the fact.

The Empress-Regent is busy signing decrees, authorizing bills, and discharging the various governmental duties devolved upon her by the Imperial will and absence. Everybody has heard of the famous prediction made by a negress to the beautiful Creole who subsequently became the Empress Josephine; it is now asserted that a similar incident foreshadowed the future fortunes of the Empress Eugenie. It seems that, one day, the young Duchess de Teba was at the Chateau of some grand seigneur of the south of France, whose name has escaped me; it was just after Louis Napoleon had made his attempt at escape from Ham, and every one at the dinner table was exclaiming at the madness of the attempt, the dashing young Spaniard making herself particularly merry at the expense of the Napoleonic pretender. A lady, said to be gifted with second-sight, happened to be sitting near the young Duchess; she bent slowly forward towards her, and said, in a dreamy sort of way,

"*Eh bien*, Eugenie, laugh as much as you like; that man will be King of the French yet, and—you'll marry him!"

At which all the company laughed louder than ever, the handsome Spanish belle especially, thinking this prediction a most excellent joke.

Is this one of the many after-told prophecies of which so many go up and down the world whenever any thing unexpected has taken place? Far be it from me to decide a point of such intricacy; all I can say is, that the gentleman from whom I have the story is a man of veracity and honor, whose testimony would be received undoubtingly on ordinary matters, and that he declares most positively that he was present at the dinner party when the prophecy in question was suddenly uttered by the second-sighted lady referred to.

But leaving this mysterious subject to the decision of your readers, let me lay before them the explanation of another mystery, viz.: that of the famous captive known by the designation of "The Man in the Iron Mask," with regard to whom it was remarked in a former letter, that an old friend of mine, M. Girand, renowned in his own circle for his love of coffee, and his keenness in collecting data with regard to various matters of historical and literary detail, had arrived at an explanation which he regards as certain, and of which he has made one of the cardinal dogmas of his historical and literary *credo*.

I need not remind your readers of the numerous suppositions which have been made in relation to the real name and station of a political prisoner, at once so jealously guarded and so carefully tended, under the iron sway of the imperious Louis XIV.; nor describe how some have supposed him to have been the Duke of Beaufort, popularly called "The King of the Market Place;" others, the son of Louis XIV. and the Duchess de la Valliere, the Count de Vermandois, thus punished for having struck the Dauphin; others, again, imagining him to be the disgraced Minister, Fouquet, the Duke of Monmouth, the Armenian schismatic Arwedicks, noted for his enmity against the Catholics of the East, or the whilome secretary of the Duke of Mantua, Marchiali, who signalized himself by the opposition he made to the political designs of the King of France; none of which hypotheses can sustain examination, their impossibility being evident on comparing the date of the captivity of the Man in the Iron Mask with that of various incidents in the lives of these personages; and nothing could explain, in the case of either of these, the multitude of vigorous and pitiless precautions employed by the jailors of the captive to prevent his having any communication with the world, or showing his features to any living mortal, while, at the same time, he was surrounded with every species of luxury, supplied with the richest fare, the most sumptuous clothing, and the most magnificent furniture and appointments of every kind, and was always treated with the most profound respect by the highest agents of the Government, even by the imperious Louis himself, notwithstanding the severity with which they enforced the maintenance of the rigorous and cruel captivity to which he was condemned. Nothing, moreover, in the history of the personages referred to, explains the jealous care with which every document relative to him was destroyed or falsified after his death, and the secresy so scrupulously preserved in relation to the deceased captive, by Louis XIV. and all his heirs.

These singular circumstances, these unheard-of precautions, this strict silence, all prove that the prisoner was of the most illustrious rank, and also that his existence was a danger, and perhaps also a disgrace, to the reigning dynasty. Voltaire was, therefore, the first to offer a logical solution of this curious problem, by supposing the prisoner to be an illegitimate son of Anne of Austria, wife of Louis XIII. The scandalous intimacy existing between the Queen and her brother-in-law, the turbulent and unprincipled Gaston of Orleans, supplied Voltaire with a not improbable hypothesis as to the probable paternity of the captive; and undoubtedly this hypothesis would do much towards explaining the singular treatment he is known to have received.

It is evident that the Queen, under the supposed circumstances, would naturally cause her son to be brought up carefully, but at a distance from the Court, and in ignorance of his parentage. It is evident also that a monarch like Louis XIV., jealous above all things of his rank and prerogative, utterly selfish, and shrinking from the infliction of no amount of suffering in the care of his own interests, would, on learning, at a later period, that he had a brother, older than himself, probably resembling him in features and person, a brother who might not only cause a horrible scandal by showing himself to the world, but even endanger his crown by asserting his own legitimacy, and claiming the rights of primogeniture, be quite capable of causing that brother to be incarcerated for life, and of blotting out his existence from the knowledge of his contemporaries, while avoiding the actual crime of fratricide. The superstitious punctiliousness of the King with regard to everything connected with the etiquette he conceived to be due to the personal treatment of persons of royal blood, would explain the ceremonious respect, and the luxurious condition of daily life, accorded to this unfortunate victim of State-policy. Testimony of no slight importance, and confirming Voltaire's views, as set forth in the *Dictionnaire Philosophique*, is adduced by M. Bouchot in the following note, which he has appended to his edition of the works of Voltaire.

"One day, at the royal levee, a short time before his death, Louis XVIII. appeared absorbed in his own thoughts, as was often the case with him, when a conversation sprang up between the Count de Pastoret, one of the Chamberlains of the King, and one of his colleagues. M. de Pastoret warmly maintained the hypothesis of Voltaire. The King, as the discussion went on, seemed to rouse himself from his stupor, but said nothing. Next morning, at the levee, a fresh discussion was entered into by the same speakers on another controverted question of history, when M. de Pastoret was interrupted by the King, who remarked to him,

"'Pastoret, you were right yesterday, but you are wrong to-day.'"

Notwithstanding the many weighty arguments that have been brought forward in favor of Voltaire's hypothesis—based, as he declares, on secret revelations made to him by persons of the highest rank—M. Girand has arrived, as already remarked, at another view of the question, whose correctness he most strenuously maintains, and which certainly explains more reasonably and completely than does the hypothesis of Voltaire, the seeming contradictions apparent in the treatment of the Man in the Iron Mask.

At the end of the last century, says M. Girand, certain copies were privately circulated of a letter, said to have been written by Mlle. de Valois, daughter of the Regent Duke of Orleans, to the Duke de Richelieu, in which she stated that her father had revealed to her that the Man in the Iron Mask was a twin-brother of Louis XIV., born a few hours after him. This version of the affair is supported by various details given in the *Memoirs of Richelieu* published in 1790 by Soulavie, a work which contains many errors, but whose information on the subject of the famous captive whom we are considering, is strongly confirmed in other quarters. Soulavie affirms that a part of these details was derived from a statement drawn up by M. de Saint-Mars, the Governor of the Captive, some time before his death. And, singularly enough, after the Revolution of July, M. Auguste Billiard, formerly Secretary General of the Ministry of the Interior, recounted, in a letter addressed by him to the *Review of the Historical Institute*, that, under the first Empire, he had had in his hands a statement written by Saint-Mars himself relative to the secret mission which had been confided to him. This manuscript, taken from the archives of the office of the Minister of the Interior, had been lent, by M. de Hauterive, Guardian of the Archives, to M. de Montalivet, Minister of the Interior, to whose cabinet M. de Billiard was attached. This latter gentleman affirms that no doubt can be raised as to the genuineness of this document, the paper, the writing, the style, all indicating that it really belongs to the age of Louis XIV. He gives the name of the clerk who made the copy retained by the minister, and adds that the son of M. de Montalivet was then in possession of the copy so obtained. He finishes his statement by asserting that two other persons, M. Goubault, Prefect of the Var, and M. Labiche, Chief of Division in the cabinet of the Minister of the Interior, had also read the manuscript of Saint-Mars.

A few years after this letter appeared, a copy of the statement of M. de Saint-Mars was offered to the editors of the *Memoirs of Everybody*, when in course of publication. This copy was at once submitted to M. Billiard, who declared it to be a transcript, word for word, of the document which he had read in the original. The editors therefore felt justified in publishing it in their work, in the third volume of which it may be read at length. The following passages are extracted from it:

"The unfortunate Prince whom I have brought up, and guarded to the end of my days, was born the 5th of September, 1638, at half-past eight o'clock, while the King was at supper. His brother, the present King, was born at noon of the same day while the King was at dinner. But just as the birth of the present King was brilliant and splendid, the birth of his brother was sad and secret. The King, informed by the midwife that the Queen was about to give birth to a second child, had ordered the Chancellor of France, the First Almoner, the Queen's confessor, and myself, as well as the midwife, to remain in her Majesty's chamber. He told us all in the Queen's presence, in order that she might hear the command, that we should answer with our heads for the revelation of the birth of a second Dauphin, that he willed his birth to be kept a State-secret, the Salic Law making no provision for the inheritance of the kingdom in case of the birth of two eldest sons of the monarch.

"What had been predicted by the midwife came to pass, and the Queen gave birth to a second Dauphin, still prettier and better made than the one previously born; this latter Prince ceased not to cry and moan, as though he knew into what a life of suffering and denial he had entered. The Chancellor of France drew up the proces-verbal of this marvellous birth, unique in our history; his Majesty was not satisfied with this document, and caused him to re-write it several times, until he was contented with it, burning the first copy, although the Almoner remonstrated on the subject, declaring that the King could not keep secret the birth of a Dauphin, to which the King replied that he had reasons of State for so doing.

"The King then made us all sign an oath that we would never divulge the birth of the last-born Prince; the Chancellor signed first, then the Almoner, then the Queen's confessor, and then I; the oath was also signed by the Queen's surgeon, and by the midwife; and the King attached this oath to the proces-verbal, and carried away the document, of which I have never heard anything further. After this, the midwife took away the last-born Prince, whom she was charged to bring up; and as the King feared lest she should gossip about his birth, she has often told me that the King frequently threatened to put her to death if she ever divulged this secret; he also forbade the rest of us, who had witnessed his birth, to speak of this fact even between ourselves. Not one of us has hitherto broken this oath. The King had ordered us to make a thorough examination of the unhappy Prince, who had a mole above the left elbow, a yellow mark on the right side of the neck, and a still smaller mole on the thickest part of the right thigh; for his Majesty intended, in case the first-born Prince should die, to substitute in his place, the royal infant whose guardianship he confided to us: and for this cause he required our signature to the Registration of birth, which he sealed with a small royal seal, in our presence, which, as already said, we signed according to his majesty's order, and after him.

"As regards the childhood of the second-born Prince, Dame Peronette brought him up at first as though he were her own child; but he was thought to be the illegitimate child of some great nobleman, because it was clear from the great expense she was at for him, that he was the son of some very rich man, although not acknowledged.

"When the Prince grew older, monseigneur le Cardinal Mazarin, to whom was confided the direction of his education after monseigneur le Cardinal de Richelieu, placed him in my care, that I should educate and bring him up like a King's son, but in secret. Dame Peronette remained in his service until her death, being greatly attached to him, and he still more so to her. The Prince was taught in my house, in Burgundy, with all the care due to a King's son.

"I have had frequent conversations with the Queen-Mother during the troubles of the Fronde, and her Majesty appeared to me to fear that if ever the existence of this child should be known, during the life-time of his brother, the young King, certain malcontents might make it a pretext for getting up a revolt, as many doctors think that the last born of two twins is in reality the elder, and that therefore this captive Prince should be rightful King, though other doctors give a contrary opinion. This fear, however, could never induce her to destroy the written proofs of the young Prince's birth; because, if the young King had died, she intended to make the Prince King in his room, although she had another son. She often told me that she preserved these written proofs in her casket.

"I gave to the unfortunate Prince all the education I should have wished to receive myself; and no Prince in the world ever had a better. The only thing with which I have to reproach myself, is that I made him unhappy without intending to do so; for, as he was seized, about the age of nineteen, with a strange desire to know who he was, overwhelming me with questions upon the subject; and as I showed myself more resolutely silent, the more he implored me to tell him his history, he resolved thenceforth to hide his curiosity, and to make me believe that he was my own. I often, when we were alone, and he called me his father, told him that he was mistaken; but I no longer opposed the sentiments which he affected to feel towards me, perhaps in order to induce me to speak, I allowing him to fancy himself my son, and he resting in that idea, but still seeking some means of ascertaining who he was.

"Two years had passed thus, when an unfortunate piece of imprudence on my part, for which I reproached myself bitterly, revealed to him in part who he was. He knew that the King frequently sent me messengers; and one day I had the misfortune to leave open the casket in which I kept the letters from the Queen and the Cardinal. He read a part of them, and guessed the contents of the rest with his usual penetration, confessing to me afterwards that he had possessed himself of the letter which was the most expressive with regard to his birth.

"I remember that about this time his behaviour to me became hard and rude, instead of friendly and respectful as it had formerly been; but I did not at first suspect the cause of this change, for I have never been able to imagine by what means he got at my casket, and he would never tell me how he had done it. He one day committed himself so far as to ask me for the portraits of the late and the present King. I replied that all the engravings of them were so bad that I was waiting for the appearance of some better ones before having them in my house. This reply, which did not satisfy him, was followed by a request to be allowed to go to Dijon. I have since learned that his object was to see the portrait of the King which was there, and to go thence to the Court, which was then at St. Jean de Luz, on account of the King's marriage with the infanta, that he might compare himself with his brother, and see whether he resembled him. This project of his came to my knowledge, and from that moment I never left him.

"The young Prince was exceedingly handsome, and having fallen in love with a young lady employed in my house, whose affections he had gained, he procured from her a portrait of his brother. Notwithstanding that the strictest orders had been given to all my household to give him nothing, she gave him an engraving of the King. The unfortunate Prince recognized the likeness, and well he might, for one portrait would have served for both, so like were the two brothers, and this sight threw him into such a fury that he came to me, exclaiming:—

"'This is my brother's portrait! this shows who I am!'

"He then showed me the letter of Cardinal Mazarin which he had stolen from my casket, and avowed the discovery he had made. This scene took place in my house.

"The fear of seeing him escape, and make his appearance at the King's marriage, compelled me to send a messenger to his Majesty to inform him of the opening of my casket, and my need of fresh instructions. The King sent his orders by M. le Cardinal, commanding that we should both be imprisoned until further orders, and that he should be informed that this severity was brought upon us both through his pretensions.

"I have suffered with him in our common prison until this time, when I believe that my sentence of recall from earth has been pronounced by my judge on high; and I cannot refuse, for the tranquillity of my soul, and for that of my pupil, a sort of declaration which will enable him to deliver himself from the ignominious state in which he is, if the King should die without children. Can a compulsory oath force me to keep secret what ought to be made known to posterity?

"SAINT-MARS."

Such is the solution of this strange historical problem, to which my old friend attaches such unwavering belief. The style of the letter of Saint-Mars is altogether that of the man and the epoch; and it possesses every appearance of authenticity. The editors of the *Memoirs of Everybody* affirmed, in 1835, that the original of this document still existed in the archives of the Minister of Foreign Affairs, and this statement has never been contradicted. It is natural that this document, supposing it to be authentic, should be in the archives of that department, rather than of any other, as the paper would, in all probability, have been sent by Saint-Mars to some foreign place for safety, and would be brought back thence by some agent of the French government. It is true that the assertion of Louis XVIII. to M. de Pastoret would appear to invalidate the statements of Saint-Mars; but it is quite possible that he may have preferred to allow it to be thought that Louis XIV. sacrificed an illegitimate half-brother, rather than a prince of the blood-royal, whose claims might be held to invalidate those of Louis XV., and consequently of himself as his descendant. On the other hand, urges M. Girand, if we consider the strength which the letter of Mlle. de Valois, the memoirs of Richelieu, and the declaration of Saint-Mars lend to each other, and the perfect explanation given by this hypothesis of the various contradictory circumstances of the case, we may fairly conclude that we have, at last, the true solution of an historical problem which has been vainly sought for the last hundred and fifty years.

QUANTUM.

THE FOREIGN NEWS.

THE WAR PROGRESSING—ADVANCE OF GARIBALDI TO COMO IN LOMBARDY—VOLUNTEERS JOINING HIM—DEFEAT AND RETREAT OF THE AUSTRIANS—REVOLUTIONARY MOVEMENTS IN LOMBARDY—COTTON AND BREADSTUFFS STEADY.

The Argo brings advices to the 30th—four days later.

Gen. Garibaldi has made a further advance from Varese, where he was last stationed, to the town of Como, which he had entered amid the most lively demonstrations of rejoicing. The bells were rung, and a general illumination took place.

All the steamers on Lake Como were in possession of Gen. Garibaldi, and the Austrians were in rapid retreat from that section. The correspondent of the London Times at Vienna, in a letter dated the 25th, states that General Garibaldi's corps was only fifteen miles from Milan.

LODANO, May 28.—The Austrians, pursued by Gen. Garibaldi, are in rapid retreat towards Milan.

Gen. Garibaldi has also occupied Camerlo and Lecco.

There were insurrectionary movements in the Valtellino, and 800 insurgents are on board an Austrian steamer.

Another despatch says that after a furious fight of three hours, Gen. Garibaldi entered Como. The combat was renewed at Comerlosta, when the Austrians gave way and retreated.

An Austrian war steamer had cannonaded Cannobio, on Lake Maggiore, but without much effect.

At Como the National Guards mobilized, and an artillery force was organized, and volunteers were hastening to increase the militia. The national movement was spreading, and the town of Lecco had declared itself free.

The Austrians, in considerable force, had occupied Dobbe.

PARIS, May 28.—The "Pays" says that the Austrians quitted Prateggia yesterday and re-entered Lombardy.

The same journal states that England is endeavoring to renew diplomatic relations with Naples, but only on condition that France will simultaneously do the same.

Several Colonels of Swiss regiments are compromised in a conspiracy against the Crown Prince, [supposed to mean of Naples.]

ALESSANDRIA, May 29.—The Emperor and troops are in perfect health. The harvest is begun, and the troops are abundantly supplied. The soldiers are in high spirits.

BERLIN, Saturday, May 28.—Advices from Florence says that Russia, Prussia, England and Turkey, have not recognized the Provisional Government of Tuscany, and their representatives are said to have withdrawn their flags. The report is denied.

GREAT BRITAIN.—LONDON, Saturday.—There was a decided firmness in the stock market today, but there was scarcely any business done at the Bank.

The London Times was seized at the Paris Post Office yesterday, the 27th inst.

The demand for silver for the East has revived.

The remittances to be made on the 4th of June are expected to be larger than of late.

The building of an iron ram screw frigate of 5,600 tons is to be commenced during next week.

The London Post, in replying to some statements charging Lord Palmerston and John Russell with being actuated by rivalry says, that if the Liberal party cannot act unitedly, the fault will not rest with its chiefs.

The Times says that the report that Monsieur Bernedffiy is about to leave Paris on an Extraordinary Commission to the German Confederation tends to strengthen the supposition of a possible compromise at no distant day, through the agency of Prussia.

Portugal has declared its neutrality.

The Austrians profess satisfaction at the result of the battle. Gen. Gyulai reports that his loss was 290 killed, 718 wounded, and 283 missing. He says the French force numbered 40,000, but they abstained from all pursuit. Count Stadion, Commander of the Austrian forces, was wounded during the battle. Some of the French authorities still assert that there was not much over 4,000 French engaged in the battle—other estimates place the number at 12,000.

The Emperor has addressed to Gen. Gyulai an autograph letter, expressing to him and the troops in general his Majesty's thanks for their remarkable valor. The letter also directs a list of all the killed and wounded to be drawn up, in order that their names may be made known in their respective homes.

There were popular risings in some parts of Parma in favor of the Sardinian cause.

A vague rumor had obtained circulation via Vienna, that Gortshakoff, the Russian Foreign Minister, had resigned, because the Emperor refused to carry out his engagements with France.

In England the Derby Ministers had issued a strong appeal to their Parliamentary supporters for their early attendance to meet the opposition movement.

The Empress Eugenie had received and addressed the members of the great bodies of State. She said she placed full dependence on the patriotism of the Deputies, and upon the support of the entire nation, which, during the absence of the chosen chief, would never be found wanting to a woman and her child. The speech was loudly cheered.

The Paris Bourse was firm and advancing. It closed at 61f. 55c.

The war excitement was high in Southern Germany.

It was expected that Kossuth would go to Genoa in about a week, with the full concurrence of Napoleon and the King of Sardinia, to concert plans with Klapka and others to overthrow the Austrian power in Hungary.

The new King of Naples, Francis II., had been acknowledged by telegraph by nearly all the Powers, and the army had sworn its allegiance.

TOULON, May 27.—The siege fleet, which is now ready to sail from this port, is composed of thirty-two vessels and gun boats.

The French Minister of Marine has ordered two additional ships of the line and two frigates to be prepared immediately for sea.

It is asserted that the French Government is actively preparing for the contingent concentration of the army of observation which the Duke de Malakoff is to command, and that it likewise contemplates the formation of a second army for the northern or north-eastern frontier of France. If these armies should be assembled, it is supposed that a portion of the National Guard will be mobilized.

It is said that four new corps are about to be added to the twelve corps into which the Austrian army is now divided, and that a fresh levy of 100,000 is about to be ordered by the Emperor of Austria, in addition to the enormous number that have already been obtained from the summons of all furlough and reserve soldiers to their corps. The Austrian army in Italy will soon amount to 325,000 men, with 75,000 horses, and 800 or 900 field guns.

The German Quarterly Review, quoted by the same authority, gives France credit for 660,000 men and 1,200 pieces of field artillery. Austria, on the other hand, it is asserted can raise between 750,000 to 800,000 men and 1,344 guns. Is it not probable that the absence of that great sinew of war—hard cash—may bring this terrible contest to a speedier close than the belligerents at present imagine? The French peasant will grow sick of lending to his government when disasters come, and the capitalists of London may yet dictate the terms of peace. As for Austria, her bankruptcy is hopeless and undisguised.

MAZZINI ON THE ITALIAN WAR.—The Pensiere de Azione (M. Mazzini's paper) being suspended in consequence of the outbreak of the war, the editor addresses to his readers a farewell article, in which the following passage occurs:

"Italy craves for national unity. Louis Napoleon can have no such object in view. He covets, besides Nice and Savoy, which Piedmont has already conceded to him as the price of the alliance, to obtain also an opportunity for the erection of a throne in the south, whereon to place Murat, and a throne in Central Italy for his cousin. Rome, and a portion of the Roman States, are to remain as the temporal dominions of the Pope. Italy would be divided into four estates. Two would be governed directly by the foreigner; indirectly, France would have all Italy—the Pope being a French dependent since 1849; and the Sardinian King becoming, by the obligation of gratitude, and inferiority of forces, the vassal of the French empire."

In the same article Mazzini warns the world of the plans Russia meditates against Turkey and Hungary, and declares his opinion that the two Czars, "though opposed to each other in heart, have united for the purpose of suffocating the aspirations to liberty and of imperializing entire Europe."

A flotilla of gunboats was ready to sail from Toulon, and was shortly to be followed by a second. It was supposed they were intended to act against Venice. Five gunboats, which could be taken to pieces and remounted had been sent to Genoa. They were intended for use on Lake Maggiore.

A Paris correspondent of the Brussels Independence states that since the resignation of Count Buol, the Austrian cabinet has drawn closer its relations with the cabinet of St. Petersburg. "I can inform you," adds the correspondent, "from a certain source, that Russia views the occupation of Tuscany by a French army with but little satisfaction. I believe even that observations, if not protests, have been made on the subject to the cabinet of the Tuileries."

Among the commanders in the Austrian army, Count Neippeeg, the son of Marie Louise, and half brother of the Duc de Reichstadt, the son of Napoleon I., stands foremost. A rencontre between him and the Emperor of the French would be singular enough. The Count is said to bear a strong resemblance to the late Duc de Reichstadt.

"People have but little idea," says the *Pays*, "of the cost of transporting the *material* of the army from one place to another. To give one instance among a thousand, it requires 300 horses to remove a million of cartridges. We have already sent ten millions to Italy. Three thousand horses, therefore, have been put into requisition for this simple service alone."

THE AUSTRIAN POSITION IN ITALY.—The Austrian base of operations in Italy, the strongest in the world, is the line of the Adige, which, even when unfortified, protected the immortal operations of General Bonaparte, and ought to-day to be impregnable if its defenders are equal to their position. The Adige is the only affluent of the Po, which can never be forded. At the point of its emergence from the gorges of the Tyrol stands the famous fortress of Verona, domineering over all the affluents on the left bank of the Po, and over the Po itself. Since 1850, this formidable fortress has been strengthened by new detached forts, the latest of which, on the heights of Santa Lucia, memorable for Radetsky's first defensive battle in 1848, were last year constructed.

The only passage of the Adige to the south at Legnano is also fortified. Before reaching the Adige, the line of the Mincio must be forced in coming from the west. This is protected by two fortresses of the first rank, Peschiera and Mantua. On its right this position is supported by the mountains of the Tyrol, whose passes are guarded by Breschia and Rocca d'Anfo, and on its left by the Po, which can be easily made to inundate its banks, and so protect the fortress of Ferrara. Brescello, finally, with Piacenza and Pizzighettone, protect both banks of the Po and the Adda. But the great security of Austria in Italy is the Tyrol. The whole Tyrol is now one vast *place d'armes*, from which it will not be easy to drive Austria out. On its northern declivity the Tyrol is protected by Salsburg-Kufstein and the Pass of Lueg; on the southern declivity by Bornuo, Bister-Munr and Franzen-stein. In the rear of all, lies Venice, with her sea batteries and her citadel.

MARKETS.—Cotton is steady, with an active demand.

Messrs Richardson, Spence & Co's Circular report the Breadstuffs market generally quiet but steady.

The Liverpool Provision market was firm, but quiet.

LONDON, Saturday.—The Messrs Barings' Circular gives the following report of the London market:—Iron—Welsh Rails dull at £5 15s@£6.—Welsh Bars dull. Wheat closed firm at a decline of 4d@5s. Sugar heavy and 6d@1s lower. Teas firm at 1s 3d for Congou. Spirits of Turpentine heavy and slightly declined; sales at 42s 7d.

TWO DAYS LATER FROM EUROPE.

LATER FROM THE SEAT OF WAR.

By the steamship North Briton below Quebec on the 11th inst., we have two days later news from Europe.

The Sardinians forced a passage over the river Sesia, at Palastro, in the face of the Austrians, who were protected by the fortifications erected there since their occupation of the city. After a severe conflict they also succeeded in the capture of the city. The Sardinians were under the immediate command of King Victor Emmanuel.

Gen. Garibaldi was still creating a sensation in Northern Lombardy. A rumor prevails that he has been defeated by a superior force, and retreated into Tessin, but the rumor lacks confirmation, as the Turin dispatches intimate that he was making still further progress.

On the 27th, after a furious fight of three hours, he entered Como. The Austrians retreated to Camerlatta, where the combat was renewed, and the Austrians again retreated towards Milan. All the steamers on the Lake were in the hands of the patriots.

The Emperor Napoleon was about removing the head quarters of the allies to Casale.

The Austrians have occupied Bobbio in considerable force.

It is reported at Paris that as soon as the French enter Milan; England and Prussia will jointly make strenuous efforts to terminate the war by negotiation.

A fight had occurred at Florence between some English and American sailors, on account of the latter wearing tri-color rosettes.

The Emperor of Austria, the Arch-Duke Charles and Gen. Hess, all reached Verona on the 31st ult., on their way to head quarters.

GREAT BRITAIN.—The English Parliament met on the 31st ult. Speaker Denuison was unanimously re-elected.

The funds were buoyant at the advance quoted.

The terms offered by the Government to the Atlantic Telegraph Company, to be considered at the approaching meeting, are an eight per cent. guarantee for twenty-five years, provided the cable is in successful operation at the rate of one hundred words per hour; and they will pay £20,000 per annum for messages, the arrangement for £14,000 per annum to stand good to the Company in return for the surrender of the exclusive privilege of landing a cable on the coast of Newfoundland.

The Red Sea cable was believed to have been successfully laid from Suez to Perim, a distance of 1,260 miles.

FRANCE.—It was rumored that Napoleon will return to Paris in August, after the first series of military operations are carried into effect.

Heavy shipments continue to be made of artillery and siege materials.

The Paris Bourse was buoyant at an advance of over 1 per cent. Three per cents closed at 62f. 75.

GERMANY.—The Military Committee of the German Diet have approved the motion to place an army on the Rhine.

COMMERCIAL INTELLIGENCE.—LIVERPOOL COTTON MARKET, May 31.—The Cotton Market has advanced in prices, the quotations for fair and middling qualities being 1-16@⅛d higher than on Friday last.

STATE OF THE TRADE.—The Manchester advices continue favorable. The Markets are generally active.

LIVERPOOL BREADSTUFFS MARKET.—Messrs. Richardson & Spence's Circular reports that the weather continues favorable for the crops, and the market for Breadstuffs has a declining tendency.

The Flour Market is very dull, and all qualities are 2d@3d lower. American is quoted at 11s@13s 9d. Wheat is very dull, but the quotations are nominally unchanged.

Corn is also very dull. Mixed is quoted at 6s. 3d@6s. 9d; Yellow at 6s. 9d@7s 1d; and White at 8s@8s 9d.

LIVERPOOL PROVISION MARKET.—Messrs. Bigland, Athya & Co's and other circulars report the Provision market steady. Pork firm: Bacon quiet; Lard dull at 60s 6d@61s.

LIVERPOOL PRODUCE MARKET.—Sugar steady. Coffee quiet. Rice firm. Rosin steady, at 4s 2d for Common. Spirits of Turpentine steady at 43s 6d.

LONDON MARKETS.—Baring & Sons' circular reports Wheat has again declined 2@4s. Sugar quiet. Rice firm.

LONDON MONEY MARKET.—The money market is unchanged. Barings & Brothers, and Bell & Co report American securities dull. Illinois Central is quoted at 47@45 ₱ cent discount; Erie 6½; New York Central 64@66.

FAVORABLE ACCOUNTS FROM PIKE'S RIVER.—News from Leavenworth to June 10, describes great excitement, in consequence of the discoveries of gold.

Rich nuggets had been discovered on the North Fork and Vasquez creek. They were principally of coarse gold and decomposed quartz.

Great excitement prevailed all through the country, and the statements of the yield by Gregory's and other mining companies are almost fabulous.

It is said that a company from Indiana are making from $150 to $500 a day. The other accounts are of the same character.

The letters, which seem to have been written under the influence of the prevailing excitement, are in strong contrast with the previous gloomy reports.

The dust taken at Gregory's mines alone, it is estimated, amounts to $20,000. Denver city was almost depopulated by the people leaving for the mountains. Provisions continued scarce at the mines. Twenty thousand dollars were offered for claims. Subsequent arrivals will determine the certainty of this information, but none of the accounts differ in their tenor. Rich specimens of the gold have also been received by this arrival.

DR. WINSHIP, who was so overpowered by his attempt to address a public assemblage in Boston, that he had to be carried out of the room, has since delivered his lecture, and exhibited feats of herculean strength. One of his feats was to raise 926 pounds, and another was to raise a barrel of flour to his shoulder and hold it there. He is five feet seven inches high, and weighs one hundred and forty-one pounds. The object of these experiments was to show what physical education could do to strengthen the body. Dr. W. is said to be the strongest man in the world. He never practices over half an hour a day.

WHO TOOK IT?

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE ROCK," "THE RED COURT FARM," ETC.

CHAPTER III.

Most men have their romance in life, earlier or later. Mine had come in due course, and she who made it for me was Annabel Brightman. The first time I ever saw her was an epoch in my life: not because I made acquaintance with her, but because Mr. Brightman had invited me to his house, an honor never before accorded to any clerk in his office, whether paid clerk or articled, and which I thought amazingly great. I was just twenty, with prospects rather uncertain as to the future, for it had not occurred to my ambition then, that I should ever be made Mr. Brightman's partner.

It was on Easter Sunday. The evening previous, it happened that I had remained later than the other clerks, to finish something in hand. I had just done it, and was shutting my desk in the front office on the ground floor, when Mr. Brightman came down-stairs to leave, and looked in.

"Not gone yet!"

"I am going now, sir. I have only just finished."

"Are you one of those coming on Monday?" continued Mr. Brightman.

"Yes, sir. Mr. Lennard told me I might take a holiday, but I did not care about it, so I am coming as usual. I have no friends to spend it with, and it would not be much of a holiday to me."

Mr. Brightman paused and looked at me. I was gathering the pens together. "Have you no friends to dine with to-morrow?"

"No, sir: at least, I am not asked anywhere. I think I shall go for a blow up the river."

"A blow up the river," repeated Mr. Brightman. "Don't you go to church?" he added, after a pause.

"Always. I go to the Temple. I meant in the afternoon, sir."

"Well, if you have no friends to dine with, you may come and dine with me: it's Easter Sunday. Come down when church is over: you can get an omnibus at London-bridge, or at Charing-cross."

Be very sure I did not fail to go: some of the clerks would have given their ears for the invitation. Mr. Brightman's residence, near Clapham, was a handsome enclosed villa, with fine pleasure grounds. He lived in good style, keeping seven or eight servants and two carriages, an open and a close one: sometimes he drove up to town in the former, but not often. It was a well appointed house inside, full of comfort, or, as I thought, luxury. Mr. Brightman was on the lawn when I entered.

"Well, Charles! I began to think you late."

"I walked down, sir. The two first omnibuses were full, so I would not wait."

"Rather a long walk," remarked Mr. Brightman, "but it's what I should have done myself when my legs were young. Dinner will be ready soon. We dine at three on Sundays, which allows ourselves and the servants to attend evening service as well as morning."

He had been walking towards the house as he spoke, and we went in. The drawing and dining rooms opened on either side of a spacious hall; in the former was seated Mrs. Brightman. I had seen her occasionally at the office, mostly in her carriage at the door, for she rarely entered, but I had never spoken to her. She was considerably younger than her husband, for he had married late in life, and was very handsome, but of cold, haughty manners. "Here is Charles Strange at last," Mr. Brightman said to her as we entered, and she replied by a slight bend, but whether in answer to him or in greeting to me, was only known to herself.

"Where is Annabel?" asked Mr. Brightman.

"She is gone dancing away somewhere," was Mrs. Brightman's reply. "I never saw such a child; she's not five minutes together in one place."

Presently she came in. A graceful, pretty child, apparently about twelve, dressed in light blue silk. She wore her brown hair in curls round her head, and they flew about as she flew, and the bright color rose in her cheeks with every word she uttered, and her eyes were like her father's, dark, tender, and expressive. Not the least resemblance could I trace to her mother.

We had a plain dinner; a quarter of lamb, vegetables, tarts and creams. Mr. Brightman did not exactly apologize for it, but he explained that on Sundays they had as little cooking as possible. But it was handsomely served, and there were two or three sorts of wine, and three servants waited at table, two in livery and the butler in plain clothes.

Some little time after it was over, Mr. Brightman left the room, and Mrs. Brightman, without the least ceremony, leaned back in an easy chair and closed her eyes. I said something to the child: she did not answer, but came to me on tiptoe.

"If we talk, mamma will be angry," she whispered: "she never lets me make a noise while she goes to sleep. Would you like to go out on the lawn? we may talk there."

I nodded, and Annabel silently opened and passed out at one of the French windows, holding it back for me, and then I as silently closed it. "Take care it is quite shut," she said, "or the draught may get to mamma. Papa is gone to his parlor to smoke his cigar," she continued, "and we shall have coffee when mamma awakes. We do not take tea until after church. Shall you go to church with us?"

"I dare say I shall. Do you go?"

"Of course I do. My governess tells me never to miss church twice on Sundays, unless there is very good cause, and then things will go well with me in the week: and if I wished to stay at home, papa would not let me. Once, do you know, I made an excuse to stay away from morning service: I said my head ached badly, though it did not: it was to read a book that had been lent me, the 'Old English Baron,' and which I feared my governess would not let me read, if she saw it, because it was about ghosts, so I had only the Sunday to read it in. Well, do you know, that next week, nothing went right with me: my lessons were turned back, and my drawing was spoilt, and my French mistress tore my translation in two.—Oh dear! it was nothing but scolding and crossness; so at last, on the Saturday, I burst into tears and told Miss Shelley about staying away from church and the false excuse. But she was so kind she would not punish me, for she said I had had a whole week of punishment."

"Of all the little chatterpies?" I thought to myself. "Is Miss Shelley your governess now?" I asked her.

"Yes; but her mother is an invalid, so mamma allows her to go home every Saturday night and come back on Monday morning. Mamma says it is much more pleasant to have Sunday to ourselves, but I like Miss Shelley very much, and should be dull without her, if papa were not at home. I do love Sundays, because papa's here. Did you ever read the 'Old English Baron?'"

"No."

"Shall I lend it to you to take home?" returned Annabel, her bright cheek glowing and her eyes sparkling. "I have it for my own now; it is such a nice book! Have your sisters read it? Perhaps you have no sisters?"

"I have no sisters, and my father and mother are dead. I have one brother, but he lives abroad."

"Oh, dear, how sad!" cried Annabel, clasping her hands. "Not to have a father and mother! Who do you live with?"

"I live in lodgings."

She stood looking at me with her earnest, thoughtful eyes, thoughtful then.

"Then who sews the buttons on your shirts?"

I burst out laughing; the reader may have done the same.

"My landlady professes to sew them on, Annabel, but they often go buttonless; sometimes I sew them on myself."

"If you had one off now, and it were not Sunday, I would sew it on for you," said Annabel. "Why do you laugh?"

"At your concern about shirt-buttons, my dear little girl."

"But there's a gentleman who lives in lodgings comes here sometimes to dine with papa; he's older than you; and he says it is the worst trouble of life to have nobody to sew his buttons on. Who takes care of you if you are ill?" she added, after another pause.

"As there is no one to take care of me, I cannot afford to be ill, Annabel. I am generally very well."

"Oh, I am glad of that. Was your father a lawyer, like papa?"

"No. He was a clergyman."

"Oh, don't turn back," interrupted Annabel, "I want you to see my birds. We have an aviary, and they are so beautiful. Papa lets me call them mine, and some of them are mine in reality, for they were bought for me."

Presently I asked Annabel her age.

"Fourteen."

"Fourteen!" I exclaimed.

"I was fourteen in January. Mamma says I never ought to tell my age, for people will only think me the more childish; but papa says I may tell it to everybody."

She was, in truth, a child for her years; at least, as years are counted now. She flew about showing me everything, her frock, her curls, and her eyes dancing; from the aviary to the fowls, from the fowls to the flowers; all innocent objects of her daily pleasures, innocent as she was.

We went to church in the evening, ourselves, and the servants behind us. Afterwards we had tea, and then I rose to depart. Mr. Brightman walked with me across the lawn, and we had nearly reached the iron gates when we heard swift steps and words behind us. "Papa! papa! Is he gone? Is Mr. Strange gone?"

"What is the matter now?" asked Mr. Brightman.

"I promised to lend Mr. Strange this; it is the 'Old English Baron.' He has never read it."

"There, run back," said Mr. Brightman, as I turned and took the book from her, "you will catch cold."

"What a nice child she is, sir!" I could not help exclaiming.

"She is that," he replied. "A true child of nature, knowing no harm and thinking none. Mrs. Brightman complains that her ideas and manners are so unformed, there's no style about her, she says, no reserve; but in my opinion that ought to constitute a child's chief charm. All Annabel's parts are good; of sense, intellect, talent, she possesses her full share; and I am thankful that they are not prematurely developed; I am thankful," he repeated with emphasis, "that she is not a forward child. In my young days, girls were girls, but now there is not such a thing to be found; they are all women. I do not admire forced commodities myself; forced vegetables, forced fruit, forced children; they are good for little. A genuine child, such as Annabel, is a treasure rare to be met with."

And that was my first meeting with Annabel Brightman. From that time I was occasionally invited to her father's house, and I watched her grow up; grow up to be a good, unaffected, pleasing woman, lovable as she was when a child. The childishness had gone, and thoughtful gentleness had come; and to my eyes and my heart there was no other in the whole world who could compare with Annabel Brightman.

Her father suspected it; and had he lived but a little longer he would have known it beyond suspicion, for I should have spoken out fully. Some time before his death I was at his house, lingering in the garden with Annabel. She had my arm, and we were pacing the broad walk on the left of the lawn, thinking only of ourselves, when raising my eyes I saw Mr. Brightman watching us from one of the French windows. He beckoned to me, and I went in, leaving Annabel.

"Charles," said he, when I stepped inside, "no *nonsense*. You and Annabel are too young for it."

I felt that my face flushed to the roots of my hair, and I felt that his eyes were full upon me as I stood before him. But I took courage to put a bold question.

"Sir, every year that passes over our heads will lessen that objection. Will there be any other?"

"Hold your tongue, Charles. Time enough to talk of these things when the years have passed. You are over young, I say."

"I am twenty-five, sir; and Miss Brightman—"

"What's twenty-five?" he interrupted. "I was between forty and fifty when I thought of marriage. Now don't go turning Annabel's head with visions of what years may bring forth, for if you do I will not continue to invite you here. Do you hear? Time enough for that."

But there was sufficient in Mr. Brightman's manner to show that he had not been blind to the attachment that was springing up between us; and that he did no doubt regard me as the future husband of his daughter.

However, Annabel knew nothing of this conversation, and things had remained as they were, until Mr. Brightman died his sudden and lonely death. He left but little money, comparatively speaking, behind him; his rate of living had tended to absorb it; but still, allowing for that, there was less than could have been expected.

One evening, not a fortnight after his death, I had an appointment at Mrs. Brightman's on business affairs, and the moment I had swallowed my dinner, I went out to keep it. I met Leah on the stairs, coming up with a bucket in her hand.

"Leah, if anybody calls, I am out for the evening. And tell Watts, when he comes in, that I have left the *Law Times* on the table for Mr. Lake; he must take it round to him.

"Very well, sir."

I was nearing the top of Essex-street when I met the postman.

"Anything for me?" I inquired, for I had been expecting an important letter all day.

"I think there is, sir," he replied, looking over his letters by aid of the gas-lamp. "'Messrs. Brightman and Strange;' there it is, sir."

"I opened it by the same light; it was the expected letter, and required an immediate answer. So I went back, and letting myself in with my latch-key, turned into the clerks' room to write it.

Leah had not heard me. She was up stairs, deep in one of her two favorite ballads, which appeared to comprise all her collection. During office hours, Leah was quiet as a dumb woman, but in the evening she would generally be droning over one of these old songs in an under tone; if she thought I was out, and that she had the house to herself, as she was thinking now, she sang out in full key, but in a doleful, monotonous kind of chant. One of these songs was a Scotch fragment, beginning "Woe's me, for my heart is breaking;" the other was "Barbara Allen." Fragmentary also, apparently; for as Leah sang it there appeared to be neither beginning nor end, only middle.

And as she wandered up and down,
She heard the bells a ringing,
And as they rang they seemed to say,
Hard-hearted Barbara Allen!

She turned her body round and round,
She saw his corpse a coming;
"Oh, put him down by this blade's side,
That I may gaze upon him!

The more she looked, the more she laughed,
The further she went from him;
Her friends they all cried out "For shame!
Hard-hearted Barbara Allen!"

Whether it may be the correct version of the ballad, I don't know; it was Leah's; many and many a time had I heard it, and I was hearing it again this evening, when there came a quiet ring at the street door bell. My door was pushed to, but not closed, and Leah came bustling down. Barbara Allen going on still, but in a lower voice.

"Do Mr. Strange live here?" was asked, when the door was opened.

"Yes, he does," responded Leah. "He's out."

"Oh, I don't want him, ma'am. I only wanted to know if he did live here. What sort of a man is he?"

"What sort of a man?" repeated Leah; "a very nice man."

"Yes, but in looks, I mean."

"Well, he's good-looking. Blue eyes and dark hair. Why do you want to know?"

"Ay, that's him; but I don't know about the color of his eyes, I thought they was dark. Blue in one light and brown in another, maybe; I've heered of such. A tall, thinnish man."

"He's tall; not what can be called a maypole, but still tall. Taller than Mr. Brightman was."

"Brightman and Strange, ain't it? 'Tother's an old gent, I suppose," was the next remark, while I stood, amused at the colloquy.

"He wasn't over old; he's just dead. Have you any message to leave?"

"No, I don't want to leave no message; that ain't my business. He told me as he lived here, and I wanted to make sure as he did. He's a social, pleasant man, ain't he?"

"Wonderful pleasant," returned Leah. "Not got a bit of pride about him with those he knows, whether it's friends or servants. Mr. Brightman was uncommon fond of him."

"Needn't say no more, ma'am; he's the same cove. Takes a short pipe and a social dram, and makes no bones over it."

"What?" retorted Leah, indignantly, "Mr. Strange doesn't take drams and smoke short pipes; he wouldn't demean himself to neither. If he just lights a cigar at night, when business is over, it's as much as he does. He's a gentleman."

"Ah," returned the visitor, his tone expressing a patronising sort of contempt for Leah's belief in Mr. Strange, "gents as is gents in doors, ain't always gents out. Though I don't see as a man need be reproached with not being a gent, because he smokes a honest clay pipe, and takes a drop short; and Mr. Strange does both, I can tell ye."

"Then I know he doesn't," repeated Leah. "And if you knew Mr. Strange, you wouldn't say it."

"If I knew Mr. Strange! Perhaps I know him as well as you, ma'am. He didn't come a courting our Betsy, without my knowing of him."

"What do you say he does?" demanded Leah, suppressing her temper.

"Why, I say as he comes after our Betsy. And that's why I wanted to know whether this was his house or not—for I'm not a going to have her played with; she's our only daughter, and as good as he is. And now, as I've got my information, I'll say good-night, ma'am."

Leah shut the door, and I opened mine.

"Who was that, Leah?"

"Good patience, sir!" she exclaimed in her astonishment. "I thought you were out, sir."

"I came in again. Who was that at the door?"

"Who's to know who it was?" cried Leah. "Some brandyball-faced man, who had mistaken the house. You must have heard what he said, sir."

"I heard."

Leah turned away, but came back hesitatingly, a wistful expression in her eyes. I believe she looked upon me almost with a mother's feeling; I am sure she cared for me as one. In my boyhood she had taken me to task and given me good advice often.

"It is not true, Mr. Charles?"

"Of course it is not true, Leah. I neither take drams short, nor go courting Miss Betsys."

"I'm an old fool; and I should just like to wring that man's tongue, for his impudence!" exclaimed Leah, as she returned up stairs.

I went out with my letter, put it in the post, and then made the best of my way to Mrs. Brightman's. The tea waited on the drawing-room table, but no one was in the room. Presently Annabel entered.

"I am sorry you should have had the trouble to come," she said, "when perhaps you could not spare the time. Mamma is not well enough to see you."

"I was not busy to-night, Annabel. Is Mrs. Brightman's illness serious?"

"Yes—no—I hope not."

Her voice and manner appeared excessively subdued, as if she could scarcely speak for tears. She turned to busy herself with the teacups, evidently with a view to evade my notice.

"What is the matter, Annabel?"

"Nothing," she faintly said, though the tears were even then dropping from her eyes. I had seen her several times since Mr. Brightman's death, and could make allowance for her grief, but this looked different, like trouble.

"Is Mrs. Brightman angry with you for having come up last evening with that deed?"

"No; oh no. I told mamma of it this morning, and she said I had done right to take it up, but that I ought to have gone in the carriage."

"Then what causes your grief, Annabel?"

"You cannot expect me to be in high spirits just yet," she replied, which was decidedly an evasive answer. "There are times when I feel—the loss—"

She fairly broke down, and, sinking on a chair, sobbed without concealment. I advanced and stood before her, not speaking till she was calm."

"Annabel, that loss, that grief, is not all that is disturbing your peace to-night. What else is there?"

"It is true I have had something to vex me," she said, "but I cannot tell you what it is."

"It is a temporary trouble I hope; one that will pass away—"

"It will never pass away," she interrupted, with a further burst of emotion; "it will be a weight upon me for ever, so long as my life shall last. I almost wish I had gone with my father, rather than have lived to bear it."

I took her hands in mine, and spoke deliberately. "If it be a serious grief like that, I must know it, Annabel."

"If it were of a nature that I could speak of, you should: but it is not."

"Could you speak of it to your father, were he alive?"

"We should be compelled to speak of it, I fear. But he—"

"Then, Annabel, you can speak of it to me. From henceforth you must look upon me as your protector in his place; your best friend: one who will share your cares, perhaps more closely than he could have done; who will strive to soothe them with a love that could not have been his. In a short period, Annabel, I shall ask you to give me the legal right to be this."

"It can never be," she replied, lifting her tearful eyes to mine.

I looked at her with an amused smile; for I knew she loved me, and where else could there be an obstacle? "Not just yet, I know: in a few months."

"Charles, you misunderstood me: I said it could never be."

"I do not understand that. Had your father lived, it would have been: and I do possess a right to share your troubles, of whatever nature they may be. Come, my darling, tell me what your grief is."

"Indeed I cannot," she answered, "and you know I am not one to refuse from caprice. Let me go, Charles: I must make the tea."

I did let her go: but I bent over her first, without warning, and kissed her fervently.

"Oh, Charles!"

"As an earnest of a brother's love and care for you, Annabel," I whispered; "if you object for the present to the other."

"Yes, yes, do be a brother to me," she returned, in a strange tone of yearning. "No other tie can be ours."

"My love, it *shall* be."

She rang for the urn, which was brought in, and then sat down to the table. I took a place opposite to her, and drew towards me the silver rack of dry toast. "Mrs. Brightman prefers this to bread and butter, I believe; shall I spread some?"

Annabel did not answer, and I looked up. Her throat was heaving, and she was struggling with her tears again. "Mamma is not well enough to eat, thank you," she said, in a stifled voice.

"Annabel," I suddenly exclaimed, a light flashing upon me, "your mother is worse than you have confessed; it is her illness which is causing you this pain."

Far worse than what had gone before, was the storm of tears that shook her now. I rose and approached her in consternation, and she buried her face in her hands. It was very singular; Annabel Brightman was calm, sensible, and open as the day; she seemed to-night to have borrowed a false character. Suddenly she rose, and gently putting my hands aside, walked once or twice up and down the room, evidently to obtain calmness; then she dried her eyes, and sat down again to the tea-tray. I must confess that I looked on in amazement.

"Will you be kind enough to ring, Charles? Twice, please; it is for Hatch."

I did so, and returned to my own seat. Hatch, Mrs. Brightman's maid, knew her signal, and came in. She was a faithful attendant on Mrs. Brightman, and had lived with her ever since her marriage; indeed, I believe before it; but in the matter of personal appearance Hatch did not shine. In the first place, she had a wide mouth, and teeth that stuck out prominently in front; in the next place, Hatch's nose turned up to the skies; and in the third place, Hatch had red hair. But Hatch had a capacious forehead, and shrewd, powerful eyes; very smart, too, was she in her dress. She wore her hair in a profusion of long, red ringlets, invariably backed by a gaudy cap, whose gay ribbons flew out like the colors of a ship. Just now, the ribbons were, of course, black.

"Mamma's tea, Hatch."

"She won't take none, Miss."

That was another peculiarity of Hatch's; she rigidly adhered to the grammar and idioms of her peasant-home, and had never condescended to change them; but what Hatch wanted in accuracy, she made up in fluency, for a greater talker never flourished under the sun.

"If you could get her to drink a cup, it might do her good," pursued Hatch's young mistress. "Take it and try."

Hatch whisked round, giving me a full view of her streamers, and brought forward a small silver waiter.

"But 'twon't be of no manner of use, Miss Annabel."

"Here's some toast, Hatch," cried I.

"Toast, sir! Missis wouldn't look at it. I might as well offer her a piece of Ingy-rubbins to eat. Miss Annabel knows—"

"The tea will be cold, Hatch; take it at once," was the interposed command of Miss Annabel."

"Annabel, who is attending your mamma?"

"Mr. Close. She never will have any one else. I fear mamma must have been ailing some time; but I have been so much away that it had escaped my notice."

"Ay; Hastings and your aunt will miss you; for I suppose Mrs. Brightman will not spare you now, like she has done."

Annabel bent her head over the teaboard, and a burning color dyed her face. What had there been in my words to call it up? Presently she left the room to see if Mrs. Brightman had drunk her tea, and she came back with the empty cup, looking a shade more cheerful.

"See, Charles, mamma *has* drunk it! I do believe she would take more nourishment, if Hatch would only press it upon her."

"Is your mother dangerously ill, Annabel? You did not answer me when I put the question to you just now."

"I hope not; Mr. Close says not. But she appears to be so very low and weak."

Annabel had been filling the cup again while she spoke, and Hatch now came in for it."

"Hatch, suppose you were to take up a small piece of toast as well; mamma might eat it," she said, placing the cup on the waiter.

"Oh, well; not to contrairy you, Miss Annabel," tossing her long cap-strings behind her; "I know what use it will be of, though."

Hatch brought round the waiter, and I was putting the little plate of toast upon it, when screams arose from the floor above. They were loud, piercing screams, screams of fear, of terror, and a peculiarity in the tone told me they came from Mrs. Brightman. Hatch dashed the waiter down on the table, upsetting the cup of tea, and tore out of the room, her black streamers flying behind her.

I thought nothing less than that Mrs. Brightman was on fire, and should have been up-stairs as speedily at Hatch, but Annabel darted before me, closed the drawing-room door, and stood against it to impede my exit, her arms clasping mine in the extremity of agitation, while the shrieks above resounded still.

"Charles, you must not go! Charles, stay here! I ask it you in my father's name."

"Annabel, are you in your senses? Your mother may be on fire! She must be! do you hear the screams?"

"No, nothing of that. I know what it is.—You can do no good, only harm. I am in my own house; its mistress just now; and I tell you that you must not go."

I looked down at Annabel. Her face was the color of death, and though she shook from head to foot, her face was painfully imperative. The screams died away.

A rush of servants was heard in the hall, and Annabel turned to open the door.

"You will not take advantage of my being obliged to do it," she hurriedly whispered—"you will not attempt to go up."

She glided out and stood before the servants, impeding their progress as she had impeded mine.

"It is only another attack, similar to the one mamma had last night," she said, addressing them. "You know it arises from nervousness, and your going up will but increase it. She prefers that only Hatch should be with her, and if Hatch requires help, she will ring."

They began to move towards the kitchen again; but, slowly, servants do not like to be balked in their curiosity. Annabel turned to me.

"Charles, I am going up-stairs. Pray continue your tea, without waiting for me; I will be back as soon as I can."

And all this time she was looking ghastly, and shaking like an aspen leaf.

I went to the fire, almost in a dream, and stood with my back to it; my eyes were on the tea-table, but they were *eyes* that saw not.—Something running attracted my attention; it was the tea, that Hatch had spilt, slowly guttering down to the handsome carpet. I rang the bell to have it wiped up.

Perry, the butler, answered it, and bringing a cloth, knelt down upon the carpet. I stood where I was, and looked on, my mind far away.

"Curious thing, sir, this illness of missis's," he remarked.

"Is it?" I dreamily replied.

"The worst is, sir, I don't know how we shall pacify the servant maids. I and Hatch told them last night what stupids they were, to take it up, and that what missis saw could not affect them; but now that she has seen it a second time—and of course there's no mistaking them screams just now—they are as rebellious as can be in the kitchen, cook especially, and nearly ready to scream, themselves. Cook vows she won't sleep in the house to night; and if she carries out her threat, sir, and goes away, she'll just take and open her mouth to all the neighborhood."

Was Perry talking Sanscrit? It was about as intelligible to me as though he had been.—He was stooping still over his white cloth, rubbing at the carpet, and continued, in a matter-of-fact voice, which shook with the exertion, for he was a fat man, and was rubbing vehemently,

"I'm sure I couldn't have believed it; and wouldn't have believed it, if missis and Hatch had said it to me with their own lips, sir; only that I have been in the house and a witness to it, as one may say; at any rate, to the screams. For a more quieter, amiable, and peaceable man never lived, than master; kind to all about him, and doing no harm to anybody, and why he should Walk, is beyond our comprehension."

"Why he should—what?"

"Walk, sir," repeated Perry. "Hatch says it's no doubt along of his dying a sudden death; that he must have left something untold, and that he won't be laid till he has told it. It's apparent that it concerns Mrs. Brightman, by his appearing to her."

"What is it that has appeared to Mrs. Brightman?" I asked, doubting my ears.

Perry raised himself and looked at me as if in doubt.

"Master's ghost, sir," he whispered, mysteriously.

"Master's—ghost!" I echoed.

"Yes, sir. But I thought Miss Brightman had told you."

I felt an irreverent inclination to laugh; in spite of the topic appearing to bear so disagreeably upon poor Mrs. Brightman. Ghosts and I never had any affinity together; I had refused credit to them as a child, and I most unhesitatingly did so as a man. When I returned the "Old English Baron" to Annabel, some seven years before, she wished she had never lent it me, because I declined faith in the ghost.

"I'm sure, sir, I never suspected but what Miss Annabel must have imparted it to you," repeated Perry, as if doubtful of his own discretion in doing so. "But it's certain somebody ought to know it, if it's only to advise her, and who so fit as you, sir? master's partner and friend. *I* should send for a clergyman, and let him try to lay it, that's what I should do."

"Perry, my good man," and I looked at his bald head and round form, "you are too old, and I should have thought, too sensible for ghosts. How can you possibly grant belief to stories so absurd?"

"Well, sir," argued Perry, "missis did see it, or she didn't; and if she didn't, why should she have screamed and said she did? You heard her screams now, and they were worse yesterday."

"Did you see it?"

"No, sir, I wasn't up there. Hatch thought she did, as she went into the room. It was in a corner, and had got on its shroud; but when we all got up there, it was gone."

"When was all this?"

"Last night, sir. Miss Annabel went out after dinner, and was out for two or three hours—at one of the neighbors', I dare say; but she didn't say, and didn't take any of us to attend her. She came home, and took her things off in the drawing-room, and then rang for tea, and told me to call Hatch to her, which I did. 'Is mamma's head better now, Hatch?' said she—for missis's head had been bad all day, sir, and it mostly has been, since master's death. 'No, miss,' said Hatch, 'it's as bad as bad can be, and you mustn't go in, miss, for she can't abear nobody anigh her to night'—you know how Hatch speaks, sir. 'Has mamma had her tea?' next said Miss Annabel. 'Yes, she's had her tea,' returned Hatch, which was a downright falsehood, for missis had not had any, but Hatch is master and missis too, as far as we servants go, and nobody dares contradict her. Perhaps she only said it to keep Mrs. Brightman undisturbed, for she knows her ways and her wants and ailments better than Miss Annabel. So, sir, I went down stairs, and Hatch went up, but it seems that she went into another room, not into Mrs. Brightman's. In two or three minutes, sir, the most frightful shrieks echoed through the house: those, to-night, were nothing half as bad. Hatch was in the chamber first, Miss Annabel next, and we servants last. Missis stood at the foot of the bed, which she had jumped out of—"

"Was she dressed?" I interrupted.

"No, sir, in her night-gown. She looked like—like—I don't hardly know what to say she looked like, Mr. Strange, but as one might suppose anybody would look, who had seen a ghost. She was not like herself a bit; her eyes were starting, and her face was all slight as one may say, so red was it with terror; indeed, she looked mad. As to her precise words, sir, I can't tell you what they were, for

when we gathered that it was master's ghost which she had seen, appearing in its shroud, in the corner by the wardrobe, the women servants set up a loud crying, and cook went into hysterics, and was sick when we got her down stairs again."

"What was done with Mrs. Brightman?"

"Miss Brightman—she seemed terrified out of her senses, too—told me to fetch Mr. Close; but Hatch put in her word and stopped me, and said, first get them shrieking women down stairs. So I took cook, and John took Sarah, and the kitchen-maid tumbled down after us in the best way she could, a-laying hold of our coat-tails—the coachman was round in the stables and knew nothing about it. By-and-by, down comes Hatch, and said Mr. Close was not to be fetched, her missis wouldn't have him; what good could a doctor do in a ghost affair? cried she. But this morning Mrs. Brightman seemed so exhausted that Miss Annabel sent for him."

"Mrs. Brightman must have had a dream, Perry."

"Well, sir, I don't know, it might have been; but missis isn't one given to dreams and fancies. And she must have had the same dream again now."

"Not unlikely. But there's no ghost, Perry, take my word for it."

"I hope it will be found so, sir," returned Perry, shaking his head as he retired; for the carpet was dry, and he had no further pretext for lingering.

I stood, buried in thought. It was inexplicable that a woman, in this age of enlightenment, moving in Mrs. Brightman's station of life, could, by any possibility, yield to so strange a delusion. But, allowing that she had done so, was this an explanation of Annabel's deep-seated grief? allowing that Annabel yielded to it—which was altogether an absurd supposition—was that an explanation of the remark that her grief would end but with her life; or of the hint that she could never be mine? And why should she have refused to confide these facts to me? why, indeed, should she have prevented my going up-stairs? I might have calmed and reassured Mrs. Brightman far more effectually than Hatch; who, by Perry's account, was one of the ghost-believers. It was totally past comprehension, and I was trying hard at a solution when Hatch came in.

"Miss Brightman's compliments, sir, and will you excuse her coming down again to-night; she's not okal to seeing nobody. And she says truth, poor child," added Hatch, "for she's quite done over."

"How is your mistress, Hatch?"

"Oh, she's better, she is. Her nerves have been shook, sir, of late, you know, through master's death, and in course, she starts at shadders. I won't leave the room again, without the gas a burning full on."

"What's this tale about Mr. Brightman?"

Hatch swung round herself and her streamers, and closed the door before answering.

"Miss Brightman never told you *that*; did she, sir?"

"I may have gathered a word from the servants, when they were congregated in the hall; and a nod's as good as a wink, you know, to a blind horse. You fancy you saw a ghost?"

"Missis do."

"Oh, I thought you did also."

"I just believe it's a fancy of hers, and nothing more," returned Hatch, confidentially. "If master had been a bad sort of character, or had hung hisself, or anything of that, why the likelihood is, as he would have walked, dying sudden; but being what he was, a gentleman as went to church, and said his own prayers to hisself at home on his knees, regular—which I see him a doing of once, when I went bolt into his dressing-closet, not beknowing he was in it—why 'taint likely as it's his ghost as comes. I don't say so to them in the kitchen; better let 'em be frighted at his ghost than at—at—anybody else's. I wish it were master's ghost, and nothing worse," abruptly concluded Hatch.

"Nothing worse! Some of you would think that bad enough, were it possible that it did appear."

"Yes, sir, ghosts is bad enough, no doubt. But realities is worse."

So it was of no use waiting.

"Tell Miss Brightman I will come down to-morrow night to see how Mrs. Brightman is."

"Yes, do; you had better," cried Hatch, who had a habit, not arising from want of respect, but from her long and confidential services, and in the plenitude of her attachment, of identifying herself with the family in the most unceremonious way. "Miss Annabel's life hasn't been a bed of roses since this ghost came, and I'm afeard it isn't like to be, and if there's anybody as can say a word to comfort her, it's you, sir; for in course I've not had my eyes quite blinded. Eyes is eyes, sir, and has got sight in 'em, and we can't always shut 'em, if we would."

I went into the hall when the speech was half over, and Hatch followed me to finish it, when at that same moment Annabel flew down the stairs to the first landing, within our view, her voice literally harsh with terror.

"Hatch! Hatch! mamma is frightened again!"

Hatch bounced up, three stairs at a time, and I after her. Mrs. Brightman had followed Annabel, and now stood outside her chamber door in her white night-dress, shaking violently.

"He's watching me," she shrieked out—"he's standing there in his grave clothes!"

"Don't you come," cried Hatch, pushing back Annabel, "I shall get missis round best alone; I'm not afraid of no ghostesses, not I. Give a look to her, sir," she added, pointing to Annabel, as she drew Mrs. Brightman into her chamber, and fastened the door.

Annabel, her hands clasped on her chest, shook as she stood. I put my arm round her waist and took her to the drawing-room. The servants, servants like, were peeping from the passage, leading to their apartments. I shut the door, and shut them out, and Annabel sat down on the sofa near the fire.

"My darling, how can I comfort you?"

A burst of grief came, grief that I had rarely witnessed; the servants must have heard her sobs, had they listened. Let it spend itself; you can do nothing else with emotion so violent; and when it was over I sat down by her.

"Annabel, you might have confided this to me at first. It is nothing but a temporary delusion of Mrs. Brightman's, arising, no doubt, from grief, combined with a relaxed state of the nerves. Imaginary spectral appearances—"

"Who told you that?" she interrupted, in agitation. "How came you to know of it?"

"My dear, I heard it from Perry. But he broke no faith in speaking of it, for he thought you had told me. There can be no reason why I should not know it; but I am sorry that the servants do."

Poor Annabel laid her head on the sofa-arm, and moaned.

"I do not like to leave you in this distress, or Mrs. Brightman either. Shall I remain in the house to-night? I can send a message to Leah—"

"Oh, no, no," she hastily interrupted, as if the proposal had startled her. And then she continued in a slow, hesitating tone, pausing between her words: "You do not—of course—believe that—that, papa—"

"Of course I do not," was my hearty reply, relieving her from her difficulty of speaking. "Nor you either, Annabel; although, as a child, you did devour every ghost-story you came near."

She said nothing in confirmation, only looked down, and kept silence. I gazed at her wonderingly. Was it possible that she, the sensible, well regulated, Christian-minded girl—

"It terrified me so much last night," she whispered, interrupting my thoughts.

"What terrified you, Annabel?"

"Altogether; mamma's screams, and her words, and the nervous state she was in. You have no idea of her nervousness. Mr. Close has helped to terrify me, too, for he says that such cases have been known to end in madness."

"Mr. Close is a—practitioner not worth a rush," cried I, suppressing what had been at my tongue's end. "So he knows of this?"

"Yes, Hatch told him."

"He will observe discretion, I suppose. But you must have a clever physician from town, and without delay."

"But mamma will not."

"Your mamma is scarcely in a state to express a will upon the point."

"She is in the day. With the morning light—"

"I understand. With the morning light these fancies subside, and she is herself again."

"Yes, that is it," Annabel continued, hastily. "I spoke to her this morning, about calling in a physician, and she angrily forbade it. It was only nervous depression, she said, and would wear off. I don't know what to do for the best. And now, Charles, if you will excuse me, I must go up again."

I rose, as she did.

"I shall be down to-morrow evening, Annabel, to see how things are going on."

"Had you—better come?" she said, in very much hesitation.

"Yes, Annabel, I had better come," I firmly said. "And I cannot understand why you should wish me not—as I can see you do."

"Only—if mamma should be ill again—it is so uncomfortable. I dare say you never finished your tea," she added, glancing at the table. All trivial excuses, to conceal the real and inexplicable motive, I felt certain.

"Good night, Charles."

She held out her hand to me. I did not take it; I took her instead, and held her to my heart.

"You are not yourself to-night, Annabel, for there is some further mystery behind yet, and you will not tell it me; but the time will soon come, my dearest, when our mysteries and our sorrows must be in common."

And all the answer I received was a look of despair.

In going through the iron gates, I met Mr. Close. He knew me by the light of the gas-lamp, and stopped, for we had met occasionally.

"How is Mrs. Brightman?" he asked.

"Very poorly. Have you any apprehension that her illness is serious?"

"Well—no," said he, "not immediately so. Of course, it will tell upon her in the long run."

"She has had another attack of nervous terror to-night; in fact, two."

"Ay, seen the ghost again, I suppose. I suspected she would, so I thought I'd just call in."

"Would it not be as well—excuse me, Mr. Close, but you are aware how intimately connected I was with Mr. Brightman—to call a consultation? Not that we have the slightest reason to doubt your skill and competency, but it appears to be so singular a malady; and in the multitude of counsellors there is safety, you know."

"It is the most common malady we have to deal with," returned he. "Let a consultation take place, if you deem it more satisfactory, but it won't be productive of the least benefit, for the whole faculty combined could do nothing more for her than I am doing. It's a lamentable disease, but it is one that must run its course."

He went on, to the house, and I got on to an omnibus that was passing, and lighted my cigar, more at sea than ever. If the seeing ghosts was the most common malady doctors have to deal with, where had I lived all my life not to have heard it?

(CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

A Poser.—We not uncommonly have some rather strange questions put to us by correspondents, but we believe that none of ours will compare with the following, which we extract from the Manchester Guardian:—A correspondent, under the appropriate signature of "A Blackburnian Ignoramus," sends us the following question, which we must confess is "a poser:"—"Had George the First's grandmother ten children at one birth—and was George the First one of them—and is (or was) that family called the family of whelps (query, *Guelphs*?) on that account?"

☞ We may like young fools, but it is impossible to express the contempt we feel for old ones!—*Punch.*

THE VEILED HEART.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Here was the quiet nature
Of hidden hopes and fears;
That one of joys unspoken,
That one of unshed tears.

And in the brooding spirit,
His coming had unsealed
The fountain whose existence
Its flowing first revealed.

How warm the living waters
From silent depths upstole,
How free their garnered fulness
O'erflowed that secret soul!

How thrilled the dark recesses
To feel the quick'ning flow,
How sweet the chimes of echoes
Rung softly to and fro!

What high destroying angel
Poured out upon the flood
His deadly golden vial,
And made the waters blood?

Ah! who these things shall fathom:
The voiceless bliss divine,
The unknown woe, the anguish?
She "died, and gave no sign."

E. MACEY.

THE HEAD OF MY PROFESSION.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER II.

At Brussels, the game began. There were hundreds of wealthy Englishmen there, and there were the usual number of sharks of all nations assembled to prey upon them. I was well received, and was, I believe, set down in many a private memorandum as a pigeon easy to be plucked. Crannel managed his affairs with consummate address. He gave the signal for me to lose almost constantly, day after day, even when I knew that he had heavy bets depending on my play, and though he had to pay my own losses as well as his. I could not understand it, and one night, after a repetition of the enigma, begged an explanation. He then informed me that the supposed losses he had endured were to confederates—the real ones being my own small stakes—and that I should see the result of this policy very soon. He was right in his prophecy. The confederates, who seemed to have won so much, excited the cupidity of others, and they having staked large sums, the signals suddenly changed, and I had to win. By what appeared the wildest and most fatuous play, I won game after game, which the most suspicious could only attribute to accident or the most unheard-of luck. The losers doubled their stakes, and lost again—and now, in lieu of the feigned thousands lost, the solid thousands poured in. So artfully did my patron control his greed, resigning even large sums when it was policy to do so, that no symptom of mistrust appeared: and for several weeks he went on reaping the golden harvest.

Suddenly, he announced his intention of starting for Berlin, and requested me to give my valet the necessary orders, to call in my accounts and settle them, for we should depart in twenty-four hours. I could not understand the reason, as he had certainly netted some thousands where we were, and might easily have doubled his gains. I was unwilling to move further, for I had formed some most agreeable acquaintances, and was already beginning to feel so much at home in the character I personated, as to forget the realities of my lot. I told him what were my feelings.

"That," said he, coolly, "is the reason why we quit. Had you kept yourself more aloof, and formed no such close intimacies, we might have done well here for another month; but you have forgotten yourself, and imagine that you are something besides my servant."

It was true—I had forgotten, and the reproof was just: but I hated him for making it, and was profoundly indignant at seeing that, spite of the gains I had brought him, he regarded me as a mere tool. I held my peace, however, complied with his orders, and the next day was on the road to Berlin, whither he followed me in a few days.

At Berlin, my valet, who was a creature of Crannel's, engaged a suite of apartments under the Lindens, where we awaited his coming. He came in due course, and the game was renewed under similar circumstances, and resulting in similar gains to my proprietor. We stayed in the Prussian capital over two months, during which time I was received in the best society, where, however, I could no longer feel at home, from the consciousness that I was debarred from private friendships. Here my first quarter's salary became due, and Crannel paid me the £75, in terms of the contract, taking a receipt for the same. It may seem odd to the reader, who knows that a few months before I was contentedly working for journeyman's wages, that I felt intensely dissatisfied with my pay; but he who knows anything of the phenomena of a gamester's mind will readily believe that such was the case. In truth, I looked upon Crannel as a plundering scoundrel, who had entrapped me in his meshes, and was robbing me wholesale of the fruits of my own talents. I conceived that I had at least an equal right with himself to my winnings—and I began daily to hate the sight of his long, stolid visage, and the piercing eye, from whose glance I could never be rid.

I need not recount the history of our wanderings and our well-timed visits to the various gambling centres of the European kingdoms. Be it enough to say that I was the tool of this Old Man of the Mountain for two years, during which time he had made large periodical remittances to his London banker. At the end of that period we sailed from Naples for Marseilles, and entered France.

Though Crannel must, almost from the commencement of our connection, have been quite aware of my feelings regarding him, he had never thought fit to manifest any consciousness that such was the case. He had scrupulously performed his part of the contract—paying my salary to the day, and defraying all the expenses of the expedition. On my part, I had given him no cause of complaint, feeling too well that I was in his power; but that I thoroughly hated and detested him, he knew as well as possible. Perhaps it was with some idea of appeasing my hatred that he informed me, as we were approaching the French capital, that it was his intention to double my salary this third year, if I answered his expectations.

"And what are they?" I asked, curtly.

"Increased caution and self-restraint," he said. "Paris is the grand field of operations. I should have taken you there at once, had you been seven years older; the two years' experience you have had elsewhere should have taught you the value of reserve. If you have learned that, we shall do well: if not, we shall be soon blown, and success will be doubtful."

I knew what he meant, and, for my own sake, I treasured the hint, though I made some ungracious reply.

At Paris, my valet, according to his instructions, took apartments in the Champs Elysées, and hired me a handsome brougham. Instead of first frequenting the gambling-rooms, I allowed myself to be enticed thither by others. I pretended to know only the English game, and for some time would play no other. Then I grew fanatic for the French game, and learned that, and played it with all the airs of a novice, losing generally, and winning *by accident*, when my patron gave the signal. He had now several confederates, his creatures, who played into his hands, and shared his gains, which at times were beyond all former precedent. When my salary became due, he doubled it according to his promise, without any expression of gratitude on my part, and the absence of which did not appear to surprise him in the least.

The position I had assumed in Paris enabled me to keep aloof from the gambling crowd, and materially helped him carrying out his plans. An act of imprudence of mine, however, at this time, almost entirely defeated them, and altered the complexion of his schemes.

One morning, while lounging along the Boulevards, and peering into the shops for some new fashions—I had become an arrant fop by this time—I stumbled suddenly upon my old Bath friend and quondam schoolfellow, Ned B———. He was overjoyed beyond expression to see me, and, as it very soon appeared, not without reason. I saw, the moment our greeting was over, that he was striving with the blue-devils, and getting the worst of the strife, and I naturally inquired what was the nature of his grievance.

He replied with a groan and an ejaculation of thankfulness at having fallen in with me. Then seizing me by the arm, he lugged me off into a private room of a neighboring *estaminet*, and, bolting the door, began his tale of woe. The burden of the whole was, that he had fallen into the hands of a cunning professor of our common craft, whom he had mistaken for a pigeon, and who, according to the stereotyped system, had led him on by first allowing him to win—had turned the tables on him at the critical moment, and had on the night last past plundered him to the tune of four hundred sterling, promising him his revenge at the next meeting. B———'s eyes were opened now that it was too late, and his money nearly all gone. He saw his master in the wily Austrian, and was convinced that if he played again, it would be but to increase his losses. He was at his wits' end when he met me. I was the only man who could help him. Would I take his place that night—engage the Austrian, and win back the money?

I professed my readiness to do what I could, but I doubted whether his antagonist would be willing to play with a stranger for such sums as B——— had lost.

"There is no fear of that," said B———; "we can lead him into it easy enough. Will you come?"

I could not refuse, and therefore I despatched a note to Crannel, informing him that I had met an old friend, and should not be home till late. Early in the evening, B——— drove me across the water to an establishment near the Palais du Luxembourg, where we were admitted to a private room, and commenced playing together. At the hour appointed, the Austrian came in and took his seat. He was a young fellow about my own age, and not likely soon to penetrate the artifices in which I was now such an adept. Having lost a couple of games to B———, I handed him a note in payment, and declined playing again, on the ground that he was too strong for me; adding, that I would try a game or two with the stranger, if agreeable. The Austrian rose and expressed his willingness, if B——— would defer their engagement for a while. This was, of course, arranged, and we began to play. We began at eight in the evening, and left off about dawn; we began playing the silliest game imaginable on both sides, and left off like finished masters of the science, skilled in all the difficult refinements of which it is susceptible. I knew, before I had played an hour, the whole strength of my adversary, while he remained ignorant of mine almost to the close of the match. It was not till my friend had won back all his money, that I began to throw off my disguise. I then piqued my adversary by criticising his play, and so soured his temper, that he played worse. When all was over, he was cleaned out to the last franc, and B——— and I had a thousand francs each of clear gain. We parted in the glimmer of the morning, B——— giving him his card, and offering him his revenge whenever he chose to claim it.

When I reached home, I found Crannel there awaiting me. I saw that he was in a savage mood; and to irritate him still further, I made a boast of what I had been about. His mortification was evidently extreme; but he only bit his lips, and said little. As he doubtless foresaw, my exploit got wind, and the result was, that ere long my assumed disguise peeled off of itself, and I was known, in the gaming circles at least, for what I was. Crannel, of course, had to alter his policy, and content himself with the new state of things. Still, as his fiat determined every game I played, his gains were very considerable. For my part, I liked my new position far better; and for the first time, really enjoyed the excitements of a gambler's life. I was now backed against the first players in Paris; and when the signal was to win, I did so in such brilliant style that my renown soon spread abroad, and I became the wonder of the gambling circles.

About the middle of August, there arose a rumor of a new star in the billiard world. This was a young Russian, who was said to have reaped the highest honors in St. Petersburg, and to have beaten every opponent who had ventured to meet him. As usual, the most exaggerated reports were circulated regarding him; and he must have been a magician, working by enchantments, if half that was said were true. It was inevitable that I should be pitted against him. Everybody talked of this consummation, and was eager to bring it about. Crannel did not start any objection; and my admirers making up a considerable purse, the affair was decided on. The match was to come off in the Palais Royal by daylight, on the Sunday. I had never seen my opponent up to the hour of our meeting; and when, with Crannel, who had betted liberally on my side, I repaired to the spot, what was my astonishment in recognising in the renowned Russian my once shirtless antagonist, Pat Meagher, whom, as a lad, I had defeated at Bath. It is true he looked the Russian well in a pair of dark whiskers, and a Cossack moustache; and he talked Russ most glibly with a friend who accompanied him. Still, there was the unmistakable Irish face, and the undeniable brogue flavored his Slavonic speech. I was glad to see that he did not recognise me; but I was determined to seek him out and have a private conference, if possible. In stripping for the match, after we had shaken hands, he dropped a card from his vest-pocket; in a moment, I had secreted it unobserved, and the contest began.

But for my previous knowledge of Meagher's play, and the points in which his strength lay, I might probably have been beaten, and that summarily. As it was, the contest was a succession of wary sparrings, in which nothing brilliant was either done or attempted. Had a drawn match been possible in billiards, this would have been drawn. It ended in my winning, through the failure of an almost impossible stroke which, at the last crisis, my adversary was compelled to attempt, and which left the game in my hands.

I was immensely pleased with this victory, on more accounts than one. I had not only gained reputation, but I had convinced myself that the quasi Russian was incapable, in the long run, of holding his own against me. I had drawn him out, and taken his measure, and felt myself his master. Crannel, who never missed anything, had seen as much, and would doubtless make good capital of his discernment; while, on the other hand, the partisans of the Russian were confident in his superior play, which, they swore, an accident only had defeated.

The morning after the match, I rose early, and drove in a *fiacre* to the address on Meagher's card, which bore the inscription, "Ivan Mearowitz, Hotel de la Paix, Rue Richelieu." It was one of those grim old hotels where you knock, and are let in by an invisible porter. A voice directed me to the second door "*au quatrième*;" and on sounding it with my knuckles, Pat, who was in bed, bawled out "Entrez," and I walked in. He was flustered at seeing me, and began stuttering apologies in three languages at once.

"Is it possible," I said, "that you did not know me yesterday, Pat?"

"Bedad," said he, "it must be possible, I reckon, for I don't know you now for anything but the man that bate me yesterday."

"Don't you recollect me at Bath five years ago?"

"Whew! botheration—if I hadn't a presintiment of something of the kind, I'm a Dutchman. That accounts for the milk in the cocoa nuts. Oh, be the Vargin, but it's meself that's glad to see ye anyhow."

"Well, and what have you been doing these years?"

"Och! won't I tell you all about it? But not here, not here, my frind. Faith, the divole incarnate 'll be here in a jiffy, and he mustn't see you. Do ye see that windy yander wid the green venaytions?" and Pat, rising from his bed, pointed across the court.

"I see it—what then?"

"Cross the coort, mount the tother stairs, and go into No. 15 on the third floore. I'll be wid ye in a twinklin."

I did as he requested, feeling assured, from his eagerness and excitement, that some interesting revelation awaited me. In less than ten minutes he made his appearance in an old dressing-gown, and having bolted the door of the closet, which was but a receptacle for lumber, seated himself on a box, and commenced a rather remarkable monologue. I shall not give it in detail, out of consideration for the reader's patience. The gist of it may be briefly extracted, and was to the following effect: Like myself, Pat Meagher had been picked up by a speculating patron, and carried off to St. Petersburg, where, according to his own account, he had won a mint of money for his owner, receiving but a miserable stipend for himself, and ungentlemanly treatment into the bargain. His tyrant was one Mortier, a cashiered French officer. Meagher assured me that he had won for him a hundred thousand roubles in St. Petersburg, and as much more at Moscow—the villain coolly bagging the whole. Pat's hatred to the man was almost demoniac; and he seemed possessed with the idea that he should be driven to murder him before their contract was expired, and which had yet two years to run. My affection for Crannel, as the reader knows, was somewhat of the same stamp; and by way of consoling each other, we mutually anathematised the villains who had us in their grasp.

But Meagher was not content with cursing his enemy; he had a plan which he had long been revolving in his mind, and which his encounter with me would enable him to carry out; he proposed at once, and with an almost savage vehemence, that we should turn the tables upon our tyrants, and, as they had so long done by us, enrich ourselves at their expense. The thing could be easily done; we had only to get a clever confederate of our own, and then, disregarding the private signals of our patrons, sell them at the best price we could, by winning or losing to suit our own interests. The scheme struck me as excellent, as well from its simplicity as from the retributive justice it involved, and I agreed to it eagerly, and at once.

"Then be here to-morrow," said Pat, "by seven in the morning; by that time, I shall have seen the right man, and, bedad, we'll work the oracle in future on our own account."

Soon after seven next morning, Meagher and I were fleeing along the road to St. Cloud, to the residence of M. Florian, who had entered into the scheme, and with whom we were to concert measures for putting it into execution. M. Florian was a model dandy of that era—of graceful figure, exquisite manners, and fine accomplishments—musician, artist, linguist, and gambler, the idol of the sex, and the most careless, agreeable, and good-humored rattle-pate in the world. He received us in an elegant saloon, hung with the masterly productions of his own pencil, sang us an operatic air to his own accompaniment, arranged our little plan on the simplest grounds and the most liberal terms, gave us his note of hand for a round sum to fall due in a few weeks, ordered up a grand *dejeuner*, and, that discussed, drove us as far back as Auteuil in his own carriage.

The reader may perhaps suspect that M. Florian was little to be relied on; if so, he is mistaken. The honor that exists among—ahem!—among gentlemen of certain pursuits, is as spotless as the snow, and is rarely violated. Pending the whole duration of our threefold contract, Florian behaved with the rectitude of a judge in ermine, and the precision of a banker.

Affairs now began to take a different course. The great billiard contest between the Russian and the Englishman was renewed almost nightly in the presence of the first amateurs of the capital. Agreeably to our plan, we both of us ignored the signals of our patrons whenever Florian gave any signal of his own, and thus turned the whole current of success into his treasury. Meanwhile, Florian played his game so adroitly, that he was rarely seen to win more than a trifle, and was seen as often to lose. This state of affairs had not continued long before Crannel began to look daggers at me whenever we met in private; and at length, not being able to refrain any longer, taxed me with treachery. I denied the charge, and insisted that he should pit me against some other antagonist; I could not be sure of the Russian, who was always developing new strength. My patron was evidently perplexed, and for a time he refrained from betting, but watched me, as I was well aware, all the closer. I had reason to suspect, moreover, that he had set spies upon my path when I went abroad, though what was the extent of his discoveries I never knew.

I saw Meagher but rarely in private, and then only at the hours before the dawn, when I could steal away from the observation of my prying valet, whose grog I had to dose more than once in order to prevent his watchfulness. Our scheme answered famously. We had divided five thousand pounds with Florian in three months, and vastly to the delight of Pat, most of it had come out of Mortier's pocket—and we were at last on the road to fortune. I am of opinion that if Crannel had not by this time some certain knowledge of our secret confederacy, he had at least so far verified his suspicions as to feel conscious that the contract by which he nominally retained my services was no longer of any advantage to him. But this double game was fast approaching to its end.

One night, Meagher's patron, Mortier, who came to the cafe where we played with the scowl of a fiend on his brow, and in a state of furious excitement, as was always the case when he drank freely, began to vociferate violently and to bet heavily on his protege. M. Florian, who was present, immediately indicated that I was to win, and accepted all Mortier's proffered bets, in addition to those he had already made. It chanced that he had scarcely accepted these pledges, when one of those accidents, which are always contingent on the board of green cloth, and which the most experienced players cannot always guard against, gave Meagher such a decided advantage in the game as should, and would, under ordinary circumstances, have secured his winning it. Mortier now redoubled his clamor, and offered very heavy odds, challenging the whole room to accept them. Florian instantly did so, and they were accepted also by Crannel to a very unusually large amount. The game went on, and I recovered my lost ground so far that, as it drew towards the close, I had scored as many points as my opponent, and two more points scored by either of us would win the game. It was Meagher's turn to play, and his ball being under the cushion, he gave a miss, which, while it was the right play, was also good policy for us, since, had any accident sent one of the balls into the pocket, all would have been over. It was now my turn, and there was a winning hazard on the balls which at any other time I could have made with ease and certainty. Up to this moment of my life I had never known what it was to be nervous; but now, a panic fit seized me; the cue trembled in my hand; if I did not win, I knew that Florian would lose more than all three of us could pay. I essayed to make the stroke; but there were two hundred thousand francs depending upon it; I felt the eye of Crannel upon me, and every sinew in my frame vibrated. Calling for a glass of iced water, I drank it off, and then, endeavoring to think of something else, hastily struck the stroke. The red ball, instead of dropping into the pocket, struck the small angle of the cushion, rebounded, and kissed my own, the two then stopping, one on each side of the pocket, with a space between them barely wide enough for a ball to pass through. There were a hundred eyes looking on, but not a lip moved, only a suppressed groan arose for an instant among my partisans.

It was now Meagher's turn to play, and it was almost impossible for him to strike either ball without winning the game, in which case we were ruined. He did not seem at all disturbed, but lowered his cue to play. I thought he would take the only course open to him, and make a foul stroke; instead of that, he drove his ball sheer between the other two, without touching either of them, and ran a "coo" in the pocket; thus losing the game.

Affecting the utmost horror at what he had done, he dashed down his cue, and began tearing his hair and blaspheming. I of course knew that he had done it on purpose; but the

thing was so difficult, so apparently impossible, that the spectators did not suspect foul-play—none of them, with the exception of Mortier, who, having already his suspicions aroused, was now convinced of the justice of them, as well as enraged to madness at the heavy losses he had incurred. With a countenance livid with fury, he rushed towards Meagher, and yelling a desperate oath, dealt him a savage blow on the face.

A horrid scene ensued. The Irishman flew at the aggressor's throat, and would have strangled him on the spot but for the interference of a dozen strong arms, which tore him away. Frenzied beyond all control of himself, he burst out with a torrent of invective, abuse, and rabid curses, and leaping on the table, called heaven and earth to witness that he would not move thence without the heart's blood of the villain that had struck him. Mortier at first responded only by a sarcastic sneer, and turned his back upon him. But the Irish blood was not to be so appeased. Branding his patron as coward, and heaping on him the foulest charges, Meagher continued to denounce him as robber, assassin, traitor, and *forcat*; and called on the company to listen while he gave them the veritable history of the monster.

Mortier, who had started at the word *forcat*, again winced, and turning sharply round, "Let us have weapons," he said; "the fool shall have his way!" Springing on the table, he folded his arms, and awaited the issue with a suppressed eagerness which showed how deep should be his revenge.

Rapiers were brought: it was notified to both of the combatants, that if either of them quitted the table, he would be instantly disarmed, held to be defeated, and incapable of resuming the strife. Then M. Florian drew a chalk-line across the centre of the cloth—the weapons were delivered to each, and the duel began.

Meagher, to whom the delay had afforded a moment for reflection, which he had wasted in fuming and stamping, advanced boldly to the encounter. Mortier, who was the shorter by nearly a head, instead of opposing him in the usual attitude, stood bent forward in a half-circle, with his rapier-point quivering above his head. Some rapid passes took place, and Mortier was seen to be bleeding from two slight wounds: but he was cool and wary in proportion to the peril—parried the deadly lunges of his tall foe with unvarying certainty, and, at length, springing forward within his guard, instantly shortened his weapon, and thrust it sheer through the breast of the poor Irishman, who leaped with a wild cry into the air, and fell on the table a corpse.

Paralyzed at the sight, I was gazing horror-struck at the lifeless body, when I felt a hand grasping my shoulder; it was Crannel.

"We must to cover," he said; "the police will be here in a minute, and you will gain nothing by their courtesies, you may depend upon it."

That was the last game of billiards I ever played to the benefit of Louis Crannel, who, at my request, paid me off the same night, giving me to understand that he knew I had played him false, but that having taken his measures accordingly, I had not injured him, though I had intended to do so. I reproached him in my turn with his systematic and cold-blooded rascality and selfishness—and we parted.

Mortier got a sentence of a year's imprisonment for the duel, one month of which he actually suffered. Poor Meagher was buried as a Russian officer, and was registered at Pere la Chaise under the name of Mearowitz. M. Florian and I divided his effects between us, and I had seven thousand francs for my share of Mortier's losses, all of which were ultimately paid. How this sum and much more which I had gained over the devil's back was subsequently dissipated, it boots not the reader to know. Poverty, the ultimate lot of nearly all gamblers, has been mine for many a weary year. With mature age, came dyspepsia and nervousness, and then all reliance on my skill as a billiard player vanished. Of all accomplishments, this is the one that requires the most perfect condition of the physical faculties, and no man who is conscious that he possesses either nervous system or ventral organs, need expect to excel in it.

My confessions may well end here.

A TALE OF TWO CITIES.

IN THREE BOOKS.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

BOOK THE SECOND. THE GOLDEN THREAD.

CHAPTER III.

A DISAPPOINTMENT.

Mr. Attorney-General had to inform the jury, that the prisoner before them, though young in years, was old in the treasonable practices which claimed the forfeit of his life. That this correspondence with the public enemy was not a correspondence of to-day, or of yesterday, or even of last year, or of the year before. That it was certain the prisoner had, for longer than that, been in the habit of passing and repassing between France and England, on secret business of which he could give no honest account. That, if it were in the nature of traitorous ways to thrive (which, happily, it never was), the real wickedness and guilt of his business might have remained undiscovered. That, Providence, however, had put it into the heart of a person who was beyond fear and beyond reproach, to ferret out the nature of the prisoner's schemes, and, struck with horror, to disclose them to his Majesty's Chief Secretary of State and most honorable Privy Council. That this patriot would be produced before them. That his position and attitude were, on the whole, sublime. That he had been the prisoner's friend, but, at once in an auspicious and an evil hour detecting his infamy, had resolved to immolate the traitor he could no longer cherish in his bosom, on the sacred altar of his country. That if statues were decreed in Britain, as in ancient Greece and Rome, to public benefactors, this shining citizen would assuredly have had one. That, as they were not so decreed, he probably would not have one. That Virtue, as had been observed by the poets (in many passages which he well knew the jury would have, word for word, at the tips of their tongues; whereat the jury's countenances displayed a guilty consciousness that they knew nothing about the passages), was in a manner contagious; more especially the bright virtue known as patriotism, or love of country. That the lofty example of this immaculate and unimpeachable witness for the Crown, to refer to whom however unworthily was an honor, had communicated itself to the prisoner's servant, and had engendered in him a holy determination to examine his master's table-drawers and pockets, and secrete his papers. That he (Mr. Attorney-General) was prepared to hear some disparagement attempted of this admirable servant; but that, in a general way, he preferred him to his (Mr. Attorney-General's) brothers and sisters, and honored him more than his (Mr. Attorney-General's) father and mother. That he called with confidence on the jury to come and do likewise. That the evidence of these two witnesses, coupled with the documents of their discovering that would be produced, would show the prisoner to have been furnished with lists of his Majesty's forces, and of their disposition and preparation, both by sea and land, and would leave no doubt that he had habitually conveyed such information to a hostile power. That these lists could not be proved to be in the prisoner's handwriting; but that it was all the same; that, indeed, it was rather the better for the prosecution, as showing the prisoner to be artful in his precautions. That, the proof would go back five years, and would show the prisoner already engaged in these pernicious missions, within a few weeks before the date of the very first action fought between the British troops and the Americans. That for these reasons, the jury, being a loyal jury (as he knew they were), and being a responsible jury (as *they* knew they were,) must positively find the prisoner Guilty, and make an end of him, whether they liked it or not. That they never could lay their heads upon their pillows; that, they never could tolerate the idea of their wives laying their heads upon their pillows; that they never could endure the notion of their children laying their heads upon their pillows; in short, that there never more could be, for them or theirs, any laying of heads upon pillows at all, unless the prisoner's head was taken off. That head Mr. Attorney-General concluded by demanding of them, in the name of everything he could think of with a round turn in it, and on the faith of his solemn asseveration that he already considered the prisoner as good as dead and gone.

When the Attorney-General ceased, a buzz arose in the court as if a cloud of great blue-flies were swarming about the prisoner, in anticipation of what he was soon to become. When it toned down again, the unimpeachable patriot appeared in the witness-box.

Mr. Solicitor-General then, following his leader's lead, examined the patriot: John Barsad, gentleman, by name. The story of his pure soul was exactly what Mr. Attorney-General had described it to be—perhaps, if it had a fault, a little too exactly. Having released his noble bosom of its burden, he would have modestly withdrawn himself, but that the wigged gentleman with the papers before him, sitting not far from Mr. Lorry, begged to ask him a few questions. The wigged gentleman sitting opposite, still looked at the ceiling of the court.

Had he ever been a spy himself? No, he scorned the base insinuation. What did he live upon? His property. Where was his property? He didn't precisely remember where it was. What was it? No business of anybody's. Had he inherited it? Yes, he had. From whom? Distant relation. Very distant?—Rather. Ever been in prison? Certainly not. Never in a debtors' prison? Didn't see what that had to do with it. Never in a debtors' prison?—Come, once again. Never? Yes. How many times? Two or three times. Not five or six? Perhaps. Of what profession? Gentleman. Ever been kicked? Might have been. Frequently? No. Ever kicked down stairs? Decidedly not; once received a kick on the top of a staircase, and fell down stairs of his own accord. Kicked on that occasion for cheating at dice? Something to that effect was said by the intoxicated liar who committed the assault, but it was not true. Swear it was not true? Positively. Ever live by cheating at play? Never. Ever live by play? Not more than other gentlemen do. Ever borrow money of the prisoner? Yes. Ever pay him? No. Was not this intimacy with the prisoner, in reality a very slight one, forced upon the prisoner in coaches, inns, and packets? No. Sure he saw the prisoner with these lists? Certain. Knew no more about the lists? No. Had not procured them himself, for instance? No. Expect to get anything by this evidence? No. Not in regular government pay and employment, to lay traps? Oh dear no. Or to do anything? Oh dear no. Swear that? Over and over again. No motives but motives of sheer patriotism? None whatever.

The virtuous servant, Roger Cly, swore his way through the case at a great rate. He had taken service with the prisoner, in good faith and simplicity, four years ago. He had asked the prisoner, aboard the Calais packet, if he wanted a handy fellow, and the prisoner had engaged him. He had not asked the prisoner to take the handy fellow as an act of charity—never thought of such a thing. He began to have suspicions of the prisoner, and to keep an eye upon him, soon afterwards. In arranging his clothes, while travelling, he had seen similar lists to these in the prisoner's pockets, over and over again. He had taken these lists from the drawer of the prisoner's desk. He had not put them there first. He had seen the prisoner show these identical lists to French gentlemen at Calais, and similar lists to French gentlemen, both at Calais and Boulogne. He loved his country, and couldn't bear it, and had given information. He had never been suspected of stealing a silver teapot; he had been maligned respecting a mustard-pot, but it turned out to be only a plated one. He had known the last witness seven or eight years; that was merely a coincidence. He didn't call it a particularly curious coincidence; most coincidences were curious. Neither did he call it a curious coincidence that true patriotism was *his* only motive too. He was a true Briton, and hoped there were many like him.

The blue-flies buzzed again, and Mr. Attorney-General called Mr. Jarvis Lorry.

"Mr. Jarvis Lorry, are you a clerk in Tellson's bank?"

"I am."

"On a certain Friday night in November one thousand seven hundred and seventy-five, did business occasion you to travel between London and Dover by the mail?"

"It did."

"Were there any other passengers in the mail?"

"Two."

"Did they alight on the road in the course of the night?"

"They did."

"Mr. Lorry, look upon the prisoner. Was he one of those two passengers?"

"I cannot undertake to say that he was."

"Does he resemble either of those two passengers?"

"Both were so wrapped up, and the night was so dark, and we were all so reserved, that I cannot undertake to say even that."

"Mr. Lorry, look again upon the prisoner. Supposing him wrapped up as those two passengers were, is there anything in his bulk and stature to render it unlikely that he was one of them?"

"No."

"You will not swear, Mr. Lorry, that he was not one of them?"

"No."

"So at least you say he may have been one of them?"

"Yes. Except that I remember them both to have been—like myself—timorous of highwaymen, and the prisoner has not a timorous air."

"Did you ever see a counterfeit of timidity, Mr. Lorry?"

"I certainly have seen that."

"Mr. Lorry, look once more upon the prisoner. Have you seen him, to your certain knowledge, before?"

"I have."

"When?"

"I was returning from France a few days afterwards, and, at Calais, the prisoner came on board the packet-ship in which I returned, and made the voyage with me."

"At what hour did he come on board?"

"At a little after midnight."

"In the dead of the night. Was he the only passenger who came on board at that untimely hour?"

"Happened to be the only one."

"Never mind about 'happening,' Mr. Lorry. He was the only passenger who came on board in the dead of the night?"

"He was."

"Were you travelling alone, Mr. Lorry, or with any companion?"

"With two companions. A gentleman and lady. They are here."

"They are here. Had you any conversation with the prisoner?"

"Hardly any. The weather was stormy, and the passage long and rough, and I lay on a sofa almost from shore to shore."

"Miss Manette!"

The young lady, to whom all eyes had been turned before, and were now turned again, stood up where she had sat. Her father rose with her, and kept her hand drawn through his arm.

"Miss Manette, look upon the prisoner."

To be confronted with such pity, and such earnest youth and beauty, was far more trying to the accused than to be confronted with all the crowd. Standing, as it were, apart with her on the edge of his grave, not all the staring curiosity that looked on, could, for the moment, nerve him to remain quite still. His hurried right hand parcelled out the herbs before him into imaginary beds of flowers in a garden; and his efforts to control and steady his breathing, shook the lips from which the color rushed to his heart. The buzz of the great flies was loud again.

"Miss Manette, have you seen the prisoner before?"

"Yes, sir."

"Where?"

"On board of the packet-ship just now referred to, sir, and on the same occasion."

"You are the young lady just now referred to?"

"Oh, most unhappily, I am!"

The plaintive tone of her compassion merged into the less musical voice of the Judge, as he said, something fiercely:

"Answer the questions put to you, and make no remark upon them."

"Miss Manette, had you any conversation with the prisoner on that passage across the Channel?"

"Yes, sir."

"Recall it."

In the midst of a profound stillness, she faintly began:

"When the gentleman came on board—"

"Do you mean the prisoner?" inquired the Judge, knitting his brows.

"Yes, my lord."

"Then say the prisoner."

"When the prisoner came on board, he noticed that my father," turning her eyes lovingly to him, as he stood beside her, "was much fatigued, and in a very weak state of health. My father was so reduced, that I was afraid to take him out of the air, and I had made a bed for him on the deck near the cabin steps, and I sat on the deck at his side to take care of him. There were no other passengers that night but we four. The prisoner was so good as to beg permission to advise me how I could shelter my father from the wind and weather, better than I had done. I had not known how to do it well, not understanding how the wind would set when we were out of the harbor. He did it for me. He expressed great gentleness and kindness for my father's state, and I am sure he felt it. That was the manner of our beginning to speak together."

"Let me interrupt you for a moment. Had he come on board alone?"

"No."

"How many were with him?"

"Two French gentlemen."

"Had they conferred together?"

"They had conferred together until the last moment, when it was necessary for the French gentlemen to be landed in their boat."

"Had any papers been handed about among them, similar to these lists?"

"Some papers had been handed about among them, but I don't know what papers."

"Like these in shape and size?"

"Possibly, but indeed I don't know, although they stood whispering very near to me; because they stood at the top of the cabin steps to have the light of the lamp that was hanging there; it was a dull lamp, and they spoke very low, and I did not hear what they said, and saw only that they looked at papers."

"Now, to the prisoner's conversation, Miss Manette."

"The prisoner was as open in his confidence with me—which arose out of my helpless situation—as he was kind, and good, and useful to my father. I hope," bursting into tears, "I may not repay him by doing him harm to day."

Buzzing from the blue-flies.

"Miss Manette, if the prisoner does not perfectly understand that you give the evidence which it is your duty to give—which you must give—and which you cannot escape from giving—with great unwillingness, he is the only person present in that condition. Please to go on."

"He told me that he was travelling on business of a delicate and difficult nature, which might get people into trouble, and that he was therefore travelling under an assumed name. He said that this business had, within a few days, taken him to France, and might, at intervals, take him backwards and forwards between France and England for a long time to come."

"Did he say anything about America, Miss Manette? Be particular."

"He told me that he had been expelled from America, where he had lived many years, and where he had married—married his wife."

"Name the year."

"He said it was in the year seventeen hundred and seventy."

"Recall something more of the prisoner's conversation."

"He said that his principal object in coming to France was to see a friend who was in danger of death, and who lived near Beauvais. He said that he had been travelling night and day to see this friend before the friend died, but that he had been detained by the way."

"Did he say what detained him?"

"He said that he was detained by his duty."

"Did he say anything more?"

"He said that he had been informed by a person in power at the head of affairs, that there was an active design against the state, by an association of people who were called the Suppressors. That he was himself a member of the association, but had been betrayed, and that his duty was to keep on travelling backwards and forwards between France and England, and report what he learnt. He said that the Suppressors were a very powerful association, and had their informers everywhere. That they were cunning and bold, and that he was convinced they had some knowledge of his real character, though they had only come to suspect him."

"Did he say whether he had any hope of success?"

"He said that he had hope, because he relied on his power of discovering who the traitors were among the people with whom he was mixed up, and because he was not suspected by the people he was among, of being more than an ordinary traitor. He said that he was particularly careful in making his reports, and that he always verified them as well as he could, before he put down anything in writing."

"Did he say anything about his duty in case he should change his mind?"

"He said that he had no choice, that he must do his duty, and that the safety of the friend whose life was in danger, forbade him to recede. He said that he knew of no instance of any one who had been in his secret, having withdrawn from it, but that he knew of instances of men who had been removed from it by death."

"Did he say how he communicated with the people whom you have described as his employers?"

"He said that sometimes he wrote, and sometimes he went backwards and forwards. That he had gone backwards and forwards lately, and often."

"Miss Manette, look upon the prisoner. To the best of your belief, is he the person you have described?"

"To the best of my belief, he is."

"Mr. Lorry, look upon the prisoner. To the best of your belief, is he the person you have described?"

"To the best of my belief, he is."

"Mr. Lorry, look upon the prisoner. Was he one of those two passengers?"

"I cannot undertake to say that he was."

"Does he resemble either of those two passengers?"

"Both were so wrapped up, and the night was so dark, and we were all so reserved, that I cannot undertake to say even that."

"Mr. Lorry, look again upon the prisoner. Supposing him wrapped up as those two passengers were, is there anything in his bulk and stature to render it unlikely that he was one of them?"

"No."

"You will not swear, Mr. Lorry, that he was not one of them?"

"No."

"So at least you say he may have been one of them?"

"Yes. Except that I remember them both to have been—like myself—timorous of highwaymen, and the prisoner has not a timorous air."

"Did you ever see a counterfeit of timidity, Mr. Lorry?"

"I certainly have seen that."

"Mr. Lorry, look once more upon the prisoner. Have you seen him, to your certain knowledge, before?"

"I have."

"When?"

"I was returning from France a few days afterwards, and, at Calais, the prisoner came on board the packet-ship in which I returned, and made the voyage with me."

"At what hour did he come on board?"

"At a little after midnight."

"In the dead of the night. Was he the only passenger who came on board at that untimely hour?"

"Happened to be the only one."

"Never mind about 'happening,' Mr. Lorry. He was the only passenger who came on board in the dead of the night?"

"He was."

"Were you travelling alone, Mr. Lorry, or with any companion?"

"With two companions. A gentleman and lady. They are here."

"They are here. Had you any conversation with the prisoner?"

"Hardly any. The weather was stormy, and the passage long and rough, and I lay on a sofa almost from shore to shore."

"Miss Manette!"

The young lady, to whom all eyes had been turned before, and were now turned again, stood up where she had sat. Her father rose with her, and kept her hand drawn through his arm.

"Miss Manette, look upon the prisoner."

To be confronted with such pity, and such earnest youth and beauty, was far more trying to the accused than to be confronted with all the crowd. Standing, as it were, apart with her on the edge of his grave, not all the staring curiosity that looked on, could, for the moment, nerve him to remain quite still. His hurried right hand parcelled out the herbs before him into imaginary beds of flowers in a garden; and his efforts to control and steady his breathing, shook the lips from which the color rushed to his heart. The buzz of the great flies was loud again.

"Miss Manette, have you seen the prisoner before?"

"Yes, sir."

"Where?"

"On board of the packet-ship just now referred to, sir, and on the same occasion."

"You are the young lady just now referred to?"

"Oh, most unhappily, I am!"

The plaintive tone of her compassion merged into the less musical voice of the Judge, as he said, something fiercely:

"Answer the questions put to you, and make no remark upon them."

"Miss Manette, had you any conversation with the prisoner on that passage across the Channel?"

"Yes, sir."

"Recall it."

In the midst of a profound stillness, she faintly began:

"When the gentleman came on board—"

"Do you mean the prisoner?" inquired the Judge, knitting his brows.

"Yes, my lord."

"Then say the prisoner."

"When the prisoner came on board, he noticed that my father," turning her eyes lovingly to him, as he stood beside her, "was much fatigued, and in a very weak state of health. My father was so reduced, that I was afraid to take him out of the air, and I had made a bed for him on the deck near the cabin steps, and I sat on the deck at his side to take care of him. There were no other passengers that night but we four. The prisoner was so good as to beg permission to advise me how I could shelter my father from the wind and weather, better than I had done. I had not known how to do it well, not understanding how the wind would set when we were out of the harbor. He did it for me. He expressed great gentleness and kindness for my father's state, and I am sure he felt it. That was the manner of our beginning to speak together."

"Let me interrupt you for a moment. Had he come on board alone?"

"No."

"How many were with him?"

"Two French gentlemen."

"Had they conferred together?"

"They had conferred together until the last moment, when it was necessary for the French gentlemen to be landed in their boat."

"Had any papers been handed about among them, similar to these lists?"

"Some papers had been handed about among them, but I don't know what papers."

"Like these in shape and size?"

"Possibly, but indeed I don't know, although they stood whispering very near to me; because they stood at the top of the cabin steps to have the light of the lamp that was hanging there; it was a dull lamp, and they spoke very low, and I did not hear what they said, and saw only that they looked at papers."

"Now, to the prisoner's conversation, Miss Manette."

"The prisoner was as open in his confidence with me—which arose out of my helpless situation—as he was kind, and good, and useful to my father. I hope," bursting into tears, "I may not repay him by doing him harm to day."

Buzzing from the blue-flies.

"Miss Manette, if the prisoner does not perfectly understand that you give the evidence which it is your duty to give—which you must give—and which you cannot escape from giving—with great unwillingness, he is the only person present in that condition. Please to go on."

"He told me that he was travelling on business of a delicate and difficult nature, which might get people into trouble, and that he was therefore travelling under an assumed name. He said that this business had, within a few days, taken him to France, and might, at intervals, take him backwards and forwards between France and England for a long time to come."

"Did he say anything about America, Miss Manette? Be particular."

"He tried to explain to me how that quarrel had arisen, and he said that, so far as he could judge, it was a wrong and foolish one on England's part. He added, in a jesting way, that perhaps George Washington might gain almost as great a name in history as George the Third. But there was no harm in his way of saying this; it was said laughingly, and to beguile the time."

Any strongly marked expression of face on the part of a chief actor in a scene of great interest to whom many eyes are directed, will be unconsciously imitated by the spectators. Her forehead was painfully anxious and intent as she gave this evidence, and, in the pauses when she stopped for the Judge to write it down, watched its effect upon the counsel for and against. Among the lookers-on there was the same expression in all quarters of the court; insomuch, that a great majority of the foreheads there, might have been mirrors reflecting the witness, when the Judge looked up from his notes to glare at that tremendous heresy about George Washington.

Mr. Attorney-General now signified to my lord, that he deemed it necessary, as a matter of precaution and form, to call the young lady's father, Doctor Manette. Who was called accordingly.

"Doctor Manette, look upon the prisoner. Have you ever seen him before?"

"Once. When he called at my lodgings in London. Some three years, or three years and a half, ago."

"Can you identify him as your fellow-passenger on board the packet, or speak to his conversation with your daughter?"

"Sir, I can do neither."

"Is there any particular and special reason for your being unable to do either?"

He answered, in a low voice,

"There is."

"Has it been your misfortune to undergo a long imprisonment, without trial, or even accusation, in your native country, Doctor Manette?"

He answered, in a tone that went to every heart,

"A long imprisonment."

"Were you newly released on the occasion in question?"

"They tell me so."

"Have you no remembrance of the occasion?"

"None. My mind is a blank, from some time—I cannot even say what time—when I employed myself, in my captivity, in making shoes, to the time when I found myself living in London with my dear daughter here. She had become familiar to me, when a gracious God restored my faculties; but, I am quite unable even to say how she had became familiar. I have no remembrance of the process."

Mr. Attorney-General sat down, and the father and daughter sat down together.

A singular circumstance then arose in the case. The object in hand, being, to show that the prisoner went down with some fellow-plotter untracked, in the Dover mail on that Friday night in November five years ago, and got out of the mail in the night, as a blind, at a place where he did not remain, but from which he travelled back some dozen miles or more, to a garrison and dockyard, and there collected information; a witness was called to identify him as having been at the precise time required, in the coffee-room of an hotel in that garrison-and-dockyard town, waiting for another person. The prisoner's counsel was cross examining this witness with no result, except that he had never seen the prisoner on any other occasion, when the wigged gentleman who had all this time been looking at the ceiling of the court, wrote a word or two on a little piece of paper, screwed it up, and tossed it to him. Opening this piece of paper in the next pause, the counsel looked with great attention and curiosity at the prisoner.

"You say again you are quite sure that it was the prisoner?"

The witness was quite sure.

"Did you ever see anybody very like the prisoner?"

Not so like (the witness said), as that he could be mistaken.

"Look well upon that gentleman, my learned friend there," pointing to him who had tossed the paper over, "and then look well upon the prisoner. How say you? Are they very like each other?"

Allowing for my learned friend's appearance being careless and slovenly, if not disarranged, they were sufficiently like each other to surprise, not only the witness, but everybody present, when they were thus brought into comparison. My lord being prayed to bid my learned friend lay aside his wig, and giving no very gracious consent, the likeness became much more remarkable. My lord inquired of Mr. Stryver (the prisoner's counsel), whether they were next to try Mr. Carton (name of my learned friend) for treason? But Mr. Stryver replied to my lord, no; but he would ask the witness to tell him whether what happened once, might happen twice; whether he would have been so confident if he had seen this illustration of his rashness sooner; whether he would be so confident, having seen it; and more. The upshot of which was, to smash this witness like a crockery vessel, and shiver his part of the case to useless lumber.

Mr. Cruncher had by this time taken quite a lunch of rust off his fingers, in his following of the evidence. He had now to attend while Mr. Stryver fitted the prisoner's case on the jury, like a compact suit of clothes: showing them how the patriot, Barsad, was a hired spy and traitor, an unblushing trafficker in blood, and one of the greatest scoundrels upon earth since accursed Judas—which he certainly did look rather like. How the virtuous servant, Cly, was his friend and partner, and was worthy to be; how the watchful eyes of those forgers and false swearers had rested on the prisoner as a victim, because some family affairs in France, he being of French extraction, did require his making those passages across the Channel—though what those affairs were, a consideration for others who were near and dear to him, forbade him, even for his life, to disclose. How the evidence that had been warped and wrested from the young lady, whose anguish in giving it they had witnessed, came to nothing, involving the mere little innocent gallantries and politenesses likely to pass between any young gentleman and young lady so thrown together:—with the exception of that reference to George Washington, which was altogether too extravagant and impossible, to be regarded in any other light than as a monstrous joke. How it would be a weakness in the government to break down in this attempt to practise for popularity on the lowest national antipathies and fears, and therefore Mr. Attorney-General had made the most of it; how, nevertheless, it rested upon nothing, save that vile and infamous character of evidence too often disfiguring such cases, and of which the State Trials of this country were full. But, there my lord interposed (with as grave a face as if it had not been true), saying that he could not sit upon that Bench and suffer those allusions.

Mr. Stryver then called his few witnesses, and Mr. Crunnher had next to attend while Mr. Attorney-General turned the whole suit of clothes Mr. Stryver had fitted on the jury, inside out; showing how Barsad and Cly were even a hundred times better than he had thought them, and the prisoner a hundred times worse. Lastly, came My Lord himself, turning the suit of clothes, now inside out, now outside in, but on the whole decidedly trimming and shaping them into grave-clothes for the prisoner.

And now, the jury turned to consider, and the great flies swarmed again.

Mr. Carton, who had so long sat looking at the ceiling of the court, changed neither his place nor his attitude, even in this excitement. While his learned friend, Mr. Stryver, massing his papers before him, whispered with those who sat near, and from time to time glanced anxiously at the jury; while all the spectators moved more or less, and grouped themselves anew; while even My Lord himself arose from his seat, and slowly paced up and down his platform, not unattended by a suspicion in the minds of the audience that his state was feverish; this one man sat leaning back, with his torn gown half off him, his untidy wig put on just as it had happened to light on his head after its removal, his hands in his pockets, and his eyes on the ceiling as they had been all day. Something especially reckless in his demeanor, not only gave him a disreputable look, but so diminished the strong resemblance he undoubtedly bore to the prisoner (which his momentary earnestness, when they were compared together, had strengthened), that many of the lookers-on, taking note of him now, said to one another they would hardly have thought the two were so alike. Mr. Cruncher made the observation to his next neighbor, and added, "I'd hold half a guinea that *he* don't get no law-work to do. Don't look like the sort of one to get any, do he?"

Yet, this Mr. Carton took in more of the details of the scene than he appeared to take in; for now, when Miss Manette's head dropped upon her father's breast, he was the first to see it, and to say audibly: "Officer! look to that young lady. Help the gentleman to take her out. Don't you see she will fall!"

There was much commiseration for her as she was removed, and much sympathy with her father. It had evidently been a great distress to him to have the days of his imprisonment recalled. He had shown strong internal agitation when he was questioned, and that pondering or brooding look which made him old, had been upon him like a heavy cloud, ever since. As he passed out, the jury, who had turned back and paused a moment, spoke, through their foreman.

They were not agreed, and wished to retire. My lord (perhaps with George Washington on his mind) showed some surprise that they were not agreed, but signified his pleasure that they should retire under watch and ward, and retired himself. The trial had lasted all day, and the lamps in the court were now being lighted. It began to be rumored that the jury would be out a long while. The spectators dropped off to get refreshment, and the prisoner withdrew to the back of the dock, and sat down.

Mr. Lorry, who had gone out when the young lady and her father went out, now re appeared, and beckoned to Jerry; who, in the slackened interest, could easily get near him.

"Jerry, if you wish to take something to eat, you can. But, keep in the way. You will be sure to hear when the jury come in.—Don't be a moment behind them, for I want you to take the verdict back to the bank.—You are the quickest messenger I know, and will get to Temple Bar long before I can."

Jerry had just enough forehead to knuckle, and he knuckled it in acknowledgment of this communication and a shilling. Mr. Carton came up at the moment, and touched Mr. Lorry on the arm.

"How is the young lady?"

"She is greatly distressed; but her father is comforting her, and she feels the better for being out of court."

"I'll tell the prisoner so. It won't do for a respectable bank gentleman like you to be seen speaking to him publicly, you know."

Mr. Lorry reddened, as if he were conscious of having debated the point in his mind, and Mr. Carton made his way to the outside of the bar. The way out of court lay in that direction, and Jerry followed him, all eyes, ears and spikes.

"Mr. Darnay!"

The prisoner came forward directly.

"You will naturally be anxious to hear of the witness, Miss Manette. She will do very well. You have seen the worst of her agitation."

"I am deeply sorry to have been the cause of it. Could you tell her so for me, with my fervent acknowledgments?"

"Yes, I could. I will, if you ask it."

Mr. Carton's manner was so careless as to be almost insolent. He stood, half turned from the prisoner, lounging with his elbow against the bar.

"I do ask it. Accept my cordial thanks."

"What," said Carton, still only half turned towards him, "do you expect, Mr. Darnay?"

"The worst."

"It's the wisest thing to expect, and the likeliest. But I think their withdrawing is in your favor."

Loitering on the way out of court not being allowed, Jerry heard no more; but left them—so like each other in feature, so unlike each other in manner—standing side by side, both reflected in the glass above them.

An hour and a-half limped heavily away in the thief-and-rascal passages below, even though assisted off with mutton pies and ale. The hoarse messenger, uncomfortably seated on a form after taking that refection, had dropped into a doze, when a loud murmur and a rapid tide of people setting up the stairs that led to the court, carried him along with them.

"Jerry! Jerry!" Mr. Lorry was already calling at the door when he got there.

"Here, sir! It's a fight to get back again. Here I am, sir!"

Mr. Lorry handed him a paper through the throng.

"Quick! Have you got it!"

"Yes, sir!"

Hastily written on the paper was the word, "ACQUITTED."

"If you had sent the message, 'Recalled to Life,' again," muttered Jerry, as he turned, "I should have known what you meant, this time."

He had no opportunity of saying, or so much as thinking, anything else, until he was clear of the Old Bailey; for, the crowd came pouring out with a vehemence that nearly took him off his legs, and a loud buzz swept into the street as if the baffled blue-flies were dispersing in search of other carrion.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

NEWS ITEMS.

THE Ohio State Republican Convention, which met at Columbus on the 24 inst., adopted a platform consisting of ten resolutions, one of which distinctly and pointedly condemns Massachusetts for her adoption of the two years' amendment. The most exciting action of the convention arose on the nomination for Justice of the Supreme Court, the candidates being Joseph R. Swan, the present Chief Justice, and William Y. Gholson. Judge Swan, it will be recollected, is the one who pronounced the opinion, a few days ago, against the Oberlin *habeas corpus*. For this he is understood to have been defeated in the convention, the vote standing 140 for him, to 217 for his competitor.

ON the Plains recently, a party returning from Pike's Peak, killed and ate one of their number, to save themselves from starvation. The account says:—"One of the party proposed they should draw lots to see which one should be killed and eaten by the rest. This was done, tremblingly and silently, and the old man's nephew was the unhappy loser in the terrible game for life. He was despatched by one of the survivors of the party they had overtaken, and eaten by the miserable men. The next day, towards night, they met an outward bound train. They pounced upon the oxen and slew them outright before the astonished owners could offer a word of resistance."

MRS. SOPHRONIA RANDLE, a married woman, eloped from a small town in Michigan, recently, with a young man named William Wightman. They stopped at a village near Chatham, C. W., where the young man was taken with brain fever and died. The woman, possessing herself of what money the young man had left, (which amounted to some few hundred dollars,) returned to her husband, and was forgiven by him. He proposes to open a grocery store with the money secured by his wife!

As a proof of the little value M. de Humboldt set on personal distinctions, it may be stated that the great number of decorations which he had received from the sovereigns of all countries were found lying pell-mell in a cupboard.

KICKED TO DEATH BY A GUN.—A singular and fatal accident, says the *Diamond State*, occurred in Rehoboth Hundred, Sussex county, Delaware, one day last week. A man named Davidson had a gun that he wished to unload, and placing it on a fence for a rest, fired it off. The gun being heavily charged, kicked back with great force, and striking him in the stomach, killed him instantly.

THE MIDDLE-AGED GENTLEMAN WHO DOESN'T SMOKE.—Every morning a middle-aged gentleman walks down Broadway, from Bleecker to Wall street, New York, who has trod daily the same route for twenty five years. Twenty years ago, being convinced of the evil and extravagance of smoking, he resolved to lay aside the trifle spent in cigars, amounting to only two or three daily. He has adhered to that resolution ever since, and the sum of those little expenditures, weekly deposited in a savings bank, has reached this day, two thousand five hundred and ninety dollars.

ELIZA WEBB has recovered $5,000 damages from the Little Miami, Columbus and Xenia (Ohio) Railroad Company for killing her husband, a valuable brakesman.

A MAMMOTH butterfly, brought to Plymouth, Mass., from the coast of Brazil, and measuring ten inches from tip to tip of his wings, has been sent to Prof. Agassiz.

AMALGAMATION.—The New Bedford Standard says:—"A wedding came off in this city, recently, between a colored gentleman and a white lady who is respectably connected. The groom has white blood flowing in his veins and claims no less a personage than the President of the United States, whose name he bears, as his paternal ancestor."

THE FORT HAMILTON MYSTERY.

The New York papers give the following account of the murder or suicide of Mrs. Fanny Deane Halsey, actress and Shakspeare reader, of that city:—

Superintendent Carpenter visited Bay Ridge yesterday morning in company with Mr. Henry Halsey, to identify the body of the woman found floating in the water near Fort Hamilton, supposed to be that of Mrs. Fannie Deane Halsey. The husband recognized it at once.—He was afterward conducted back to this city, and kept in custody on suspicion of being in some manner necessary to her death.

Mr. Halsey is an Englishman, respectably connected, and has held a commission in the Hussars, as first lieutenant. He was a patron of the turf and gambling house, lost heavily and was compelled to fly his country to escape creditors. He was intimate with Mr. Heid, one of the husbands of Lola Montez. He was thus introduced to Messrs. Stuart, Lester and Wallack, and thus to Miss Deane. He has followed no business, but relied on remittances, &c., for his maintenance. It is represented that his devotion to the gambling table was such that he would be absent from home all night, neglecting his wife; that he pawned her clothes and jewelry, and that he induced her to cultivate the acquaintance of Mr. Wells, with a view to securing money.

Mr. Halsey states that he first saw Miss Fanny Deane at Wallack's Theatre, in February, 1857; was attracted by her and married her six weeks afterward; that they had lived happily together; that he had induced her to leave the stage, but being in straightened circumstances, had been compelled to consent to her re-appearance in public. On last Wednesday morning, he presented her with money to purchase a pair of gaiters, and left the house; but returning two hours afterward, found her writing a letter, which, exciting his suspicions, he compelled her to give it up, and found that it was addressed to Mr. Henry P. Wells, contractor of the Brooklyn Waterworks, appointing a meeting at an assignation house in Green street. He also obtained from her two other letters, written by Mr. Wells, from which he learned that the intimacy commenced about last Christmas, and that she had received considerable sums of money.

Mr. Halsey then caused his wife to write a confession of her correspondence and intimacy with Mr. Wells, and also to address that gentleman a letter, stating that she had confessed everything to her husband, and that their acquaintance must cease. This letter he took into his possession. He went to Bassford's billiard rooms, in Fulton street, where he remained till five o'clock, and then went over to the Pierrepont House, in Brooklyn, to find Mr. Wells. Not succeeding, he proceeded to the place of interview, in Green street, and remained watching two hours, when he went home to No. 111 Twelfth street, and learned that his wife had left the house in the afternoon, and had not returned. On Thursday noon he left notice of her disappearance at the police headquarters. He also sent word to Philadelphia, to see whether the disappearance had not some connection with a Virginian named Brown, who had, a year since, attempted to ingratiate himself into her favor, with some appearance of success. He was of opinion that she came to her death by suicide.

Further Particulars.—Mr. Wells has also been taken into custody. He denied, at first, any undue intimacy with the deceased, though afterward he made admissions of the fact. The theory of the police department is, that on Wednesday morning the altercation occurred between Mrs. Halsey and her husband, as represented by him, after which she went to Brooklyn to meet Mr. Wells. The next day Mrs. Deane also visited that gentleman, utterly distracted at her daughter's absence, who told her that Mrs. Halsey had probably gone away, utterly disgusted with her husband's conduct. It will be remembered that Mrs. Deane stated to the officers that Mr. Halsey agreed to accompany her on this visit to Brooklyn, but left the house before she could get ready.

The officers suppose that Mrs. Halsey was at this time at some place unknown to Mr. Wells. He had desired to break off the intimacy for some time, as it proved a costly affair. It was known to her mother, and, it is said, also to her husband, that she was in the habit of obtaining sums of money from him. It is supposed that after this interview, Mr. Wells went to Mrs. Halsey's stopping-place, and assured her that he could not conceal or protect her, and that she must go home at once. On hearing this, the unhappy woman, distracted at this desertion by her lover, determined upon suicide, and accordingly precipitated herself into East River.

The surgeons conducting the *post mortem* examination, are confident that there was no appearance of violence on the body, and that death was the result of accident, or her own act.

The Grand Inquest sat this morning at Bay Ridge. The relatives of the deceased were all in attendance, and it is probable that the proceedings will be terminated to-day.

It is due to Mr. Wells to say that he has been acquainted with the deceased from her childhood. The age of Mrs. Halsey was about eighteen years. Her husband is thirty-three. Mrs. Halsey was a beautiful lady, and some time ago gave Shakspearian readings in this city under the name of Fanny Deane Howard.

The coroner's inquest on the body of the unfortunate young woman mentioned above, was held at Bay Ridge, Long Island. The jury rendered a verdict—"That the said Fanny Deane Halsey was found drowned, and that there is no evidence to warrant the belief that her death was other than accidental." The husband of deceased, and Wells, the Brooklyn contractor, are discharged from custody.

It was given in evidence before the jury, that in commenting on the Sickles case, Mr. Halsey had said that he would kill his wife if she were false to him—using mere general terms, however, and not alluding to his own wife particularly. Mrs. Halsey's relatives aver their utter disbelief in any criminality on her part with Mr. Wells.

A further investigation, it is said, will be ordered in this (mysterious murder or suicide) case, on the strength of certain affidavits made, or to be made, by the mother of the deceased—the first effect of which will probably be the re-arrest of the husband of the deceased, and Wells, the Brooklyn contractor.

In Stillwater, Saratoga county, N. Y., recently, Hiram D. Case was shot by Arthur Holden for improper relations with his (Holden's) daughter. Case was formerly a clerk in a dry goods establishment in Albany. Last December he came home and stayed about here for three weeks, and during that time got acquainted with Miss Holden. She was the daughter of a poor man, but bore a good character. As circumstances have since shown, Case, under promise of marriage, ruined her. As soon as her father knew this, he swore that Case should answer for the crime with his life. Mr. Holden served in the Mexican war, and with him to say was to perform. Since the first of March Case has resided with his parents, and recently came down to Holden's, when Holden, as he entered the gate, shot him through the heart with a rifle. He died almost instantly. Holden gave himself up to the authorities, and made no resistance, simply remarking that he had done his duty.

Lightning struck an umbrella carried by Michael Cochran, of Norwich, Conn., during the thunder-storm on Friday last, and demolished it completely, without injuring him in the least.

Board of Health.—The number of deaths during the past week in this city was 159—Adults 74, and children 85.

THE BATTLE OF MONTEBELLO.

The following account, from an independent source, is probably as near a true account of this battle, as we shall get for some time. Neither the French nor the Austrian accounts of any action are to be relied upon. The first Napoleon said that "Falsehood was a power"—and the second doubtless holds the same view; as also do the Austrian commanders.

Turin, May 21.—On Thursday it was well known at head quarters that an Austrian corps, about 6,000 strong, was assembled at Stradella, and that it had commenced its march along the Voghera road, the artillery using the causeway and the horse and foot the level ground on the north. But the public never imagined there was anything in it. "It was a mere reconnaissance, a feint, too transparent not to be seen through," &c. This opinion appears to have extended to head-quarters.

It appears that during the night, from the 19th to the 20th, his majesty the Emperor was knocked up in the middle of the night, by an aide-de-camp from Marshal Baraguay d'Hilliers, telling him he expected to be attacked at daybreak, or very soon after. "*Est ce la tout?*" retorted the imperial commander-in chief; "*ce n'etoit vraiment pas la peine de vous deranger.*" (What! is that all? It was hardly worth while to trouble you for such a message.)

I do not guarantee the truth of this, and very likely it is but one of the many stories current in camp. However that may be, next morning his Majesty rose early, and, ordering his horses and escort, soon disappeared along the road leading to Marengo, where he visited the scene of that famous battle which paved the way to the establishment of that military despotism which for 14 years held the whole of Europe under his sway. Meanwhile Marshal Baraguay d'Hilliers, whose corps is scattered over a great extent of territory, immediately sent forward about six squadrons of cavalry, Piedmontese, no French cavalry but the Cent Gardes having yet arrived, and they were too busy escorting their Sovereign at Marengo to be available where they might have been really useful to check the advance of the Austrians, if possible, and orders were immediately given to Gen. Forey to get his division under arms, and to start immediately for Montebello and Valeggio. The utmost dispatch was used, but owing to the bad state of the roads and the distance at which one regiment was encamped from another, Gen. Forey had to start with the 17th battalion of Chasseurs, commanded by M. Ferrusart, and the 74th and 84th regiments of the line, under Brigadier Bouret, leaving the other regiments of his division, the 91st and 98th foot, to follow.

Orders were also sent to General Vinoy's division, encamped at Cantalupo and Mezzina Corte, to hasten to the support of Gen. Forey. The Piedmontese cavalry, after occupying Casteggio, had been driven back by the Austrians, who followed it into Montebello, where they were brought up by the force under Forey and Bouret; a fierce contest took place in the streets of the village, whence the French were ultimately driven after two hours' hard fighting; but at this time a reinforcement made its appearance in the shape of half a battery of artillery, and the 91st and 98th regiments. The village was re-captured after much slaughter, and the Austrians fell back along the road to Casteggio in perfect order, closely followed by the French. The Austrians suffered very severely in this retreat, and would have done still more so but for the admirable conduct of their artillery. At Casteggio they stopped their retrograde movement, and a battalion of riflemen, posted upon some well-wooded hills south of the town, kept up a galling fire against the French.

The 74th regiment alone had about one hundred men put *hors de combat* at Casteggio by the murderous rifles of the Tyrolese jagers.—The rest of the Austrians deployed in fields on the left, despite several very gallant attempts of the Sardinian horse to prevent them. The French made a desperate attack to gain possession of the village, but they were repulsed, and retired in considerable disorder to Montebello, the Austrians pursuing them, and it would have been all up with the division of Forey, but for the 52nd regiment and the 5th battalion of Chasseurs, who had just arrived from Cantalupe. With all this, it seems that Austrians and French entered pell-mell into Montebello, where a fearful butchery took place, but the upshot of the business was, that the Austrians retired, leaving a fearful number of killed and wounded along the road. The Sardinian cavalry, who behaved with a degree of intrepidity that is hardly done justice to in the bulletins, attempted to pursue them, but were too fatigued to do so effectually. The Austrians retired in perfect order, but 200 prisoners remained in the victors' hands. They must have been greatly surprised, and not a little relieved, at finding that no fresh troops were sent in pursuit. They retired behind the Po, moving along the Piacenza road, as far as Stradella, and then crossing over to the northern bank of the river. The road to Piacenza is now, therefore, open to the French, unless there be an Austrian force at Castel San Giovanni—a fact which is not as yet cleared up.

NEWS ITEMS.

It has been determined to send four more U. S. steamers to the Gulf. This will make a squadron of thirteen vessels, and looks like requiring of Mexico "indemnity for the past and security for the future."

Wise's Grand Balloon Ascension.—Lancaster, June 10.—Mr. John Wise, the veteran aeronaut, will leave here by railway, on Wednesday next, for St. Louis, via Chicago, with his immense balloon, and will make preparations there for a grand ascension, with the expectation of landing between Philadelphia and New York. On the Tuesday afternoon previous to his departure for the West, he will make an experimental ascension from the central part of this city, for the purpose of again testing his balloon.

Fast[illegible]on Record.—The steamer Thomas Powell recently ran from New York to Rondout, on the North River, in 3 hours and 59 minutes, running time. This is an average of 25 miles per hour, and is the fastest (and most dangerous) on record in that region.

Matrimonial Brokerage.—One of the Boston Knights Templar, who recently visited Virginia, purchased a negro man for $800, for a free colored woman in Boston, who furnished the money, and expects to marry her purchase.

Fatal Effects of a Rat's Bite.—A child of Peter Saiger, residing in Allegheny county, Pa., was bitten by a rat in two places, on the 2d inst., while lying in the cradle, and died from the effects the same day.

Accounts from the interior of New York give a sad record of the destruction of the crops by the late frosts. In Allegheny county the winter wheat is entirely destroyed. Corn is killed to the very root, the grass is much injured, while the fruit and every species of garden vegetables are destroyed. The spring wheat, however, is believed to be uninjured. The accounts from Steuben and other sections of Southern and Western New York are of similar tenor. At Hinsdale, Cataraugus county, on Saturday night, ice formed to the thickness of an inch. From parts of the West also, the news is disastrous. The gardens have suffered more than the fields, it is to be hoped.

A flood in the Upper Mississippi has submerged the town of Brooklyn, so that the people had to leave, done immense damage at St. Paul, St. Anthony, and swept away all the bridges and a vast quantity of lumber.

The steamer Edinburg, from New York for Glasgow, has put into St. John, N. F., in distress, having come in collision with an iceberg. At one time her position was so critical that all the boats were lowered, the passengers allotted to them, and water and provisions served out. But fortunately the ship escaped safely with her 149 passengers.

Slaveholders' Convention in Maryland.—This Convention, which met recently at Baltimore, adopted the majority report of the Committee on resolutions. This report and resolutions take ground against the removal of the 80,000 free colored people from the State. The Committee say:—"Their removal from the State would deduct nearly fifty per cent. from the household and agricultural labor furnished by the people of this color, and indispensable to the people of the State. It would produce great discomfort and inconvenience to the great number of householders. It would break up business, and destroy the property of large numbers of landowners and landrenters—a class whose interests are entitled to as much consideration as those of any other portion of our citizens. It would be harsh and oppressive to those people themselves. It would violate the public sentiment, which is generally not only just but kindly, and would probably lead to other evils which the Committee forbear to mention. We are satisfied that such a measure could not receive legislative sanction, and would not be tolerated by the great body of the people of Maryland, even with that sanction. The Committee, therefore, cannot recommend their expulsion from the State; still more unwilling should they be to favor any measure which looked to their being deprived of the right to freedom, which they have acquired by the indulgence of our laws and tenderness of their masters—whether wise or unwise—or which they have inherited as a birthright.

"On the other proposition as to the restraints upon manumission, the Committee think that the policy, in this matter, adopted by the act of 1831 was wise and proper. And that emancipation either should be prohibited entirely, or the emancipated promptly removed from the State."

Mr. Jacob's minority report concluded with resolutions, asking of the Legislature the enactment of laws compelling the free negroes to leave the State, or to be sold for life, but the resolutions attached to the majority report were adopted nearly unanimously.

One wheel of a wagon, which was loaded with 3,000 pounds of sand, passed over the neck of a boy only four years of age, in Utica, New York, on Wednesday of last week. The boy is still living, with every prospect of recovery.

THE STOCK MARKET.

Corrected for the Saturday Evening Post, by Withers & Peterson, Bankers, No. 39 South Third Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Saturday last. The market closing steady.

	Bid.	Asked.
LOANS.		
U S 6 pr ct, 1856		
" " '62	113	—
" " '67	109	—
" " '68	109	—
" 5 " coupon '74	103½	104
Penn 6 pr ct, old	—	97
" " new	100	100½
" 5 "	—	94½
Pitts 6 pr ct	75	—
" 6 coupon	—	68
Allegh City 6 pr ct	68	75
" County "	—	—
" R issue	80	85½
Penn 6 pr ct	102	—
" 5 "	89	90
Tenn 6 pr ct	93	—
" 5 " coupon	75	80
Kentucky 6 pr ct	—	104½
Missouri 6 "	89½	—
Ohio 6 " 1886	106	—
N Carolina 6 pr ct	93½	95½
Virginia "	97½	—
Indiana State 5 pr ct	92	—
Ohio State 7 pr ct		
new bonds	91½	92
N Y City 1872-5	114	116
BANK STOCKS, &c.		
PHILADELPHIA.		
North American	120	140
Philadelphia	112	112½
Far & Mec	96	96½
Commerce	—	104
N Liberty	91	—
Mechanics	98	98½
Southwark	69	—
P Township	35½	—
Kensington	60	—
Girard	—	48½
Western	—	70
Man & Mech	25½	25½
Commerce	87	—
Tradesman's	63½	—
City	47	47½
Consolidation	24½	—
Commonwealth	19	20½
Corn Exchange	—	95
Germantown	—	98
Pittsburg, Pittsb'g	56	—
Exchange "	54	—
Kentucky Ky.	121	—
Northern "	132	130
Louisville "	113	—
Farmers "	126½	—
Union, Nash. Tenn	105	—
Planters "	112	—
N O Gas Light	140	—
Com & R R Bank Vicksburg	7	7½
Washington Gas Light Co	—	21
Lehigh Zinc	½	1½
New Creek	—	—
New Grenada	7	8
N America Ins'nce	14½	—
N Liberties Gas	—	31
Southwark & Frankford R R	88	—
Bonds	91	—

	Bid.	Asked.
RAILROAD STOCKS & LOANS.		
Pennsylvania R R		
1st mort bonds	100½	—
2nd " "	87	—
" stock		
Interest off	39½	40
Cam & Amboy 6		
pr ct bonds 1864	—	95
stock	121½	122
Reading R R 6		
pr ct bonds '70	73	—
mort 6's '44	—	—
" '88	71	72½
stock	30	30½
Lehigh Valley R R		
mort 6 pr ct	86	90
stock	40	42
Phila, Wil & Balt		
stock	59½	—
6 pr ct loan '50	93	—
Ches Val R R	78	40
Tioga R R	75	—
Wil Pine & Elmira		
7's 1st mort	—	70
2d "	—	45
stock	—	8
Catawissa	5	—
Beaver Meadow		
stock	57½	58
preferred 10 pr ct	58	—
North Penna R R		
stock	21	21
6 pr ct loan	62½	64
Phil Ger & Nor R R		
stock	50½	51
6 pr ct loan	97	102½
Manehill R R	—	57½
Har and Lan R R		
stock	55	56
bonds '81	90	—
L. Schuylkil R R		
stock	12½	—
Long Island R R		
stock	10½	—
bonds	—	81
Erie R R stock	61	—
Hudson River R R	31½	—
N Y Central	74½	—
Michigan Central	47½	48½
Illinois "	86½	—
Michigan Southern	39	—
CANAL STOCKS AND LOANS.		
Sch'll Nav 6 pr ct		
loan '82	70½	71
imp. 6 pr ct	—	78
stock	8	9
preferred	10½	—
Lehigh Nav stock	47½	—
mort 6 pr ct	96	100
scrip "	26	—
Morris Conso'd	52½	54
preferred	107	—
Ches & Del	41	—
bonds	77½	—
Union "	—	8
bonds	35½	38
Sus & Tidewater	34	4
bonds 1878	34	39

BANK NOTE LIST.

Corrected for the Saturday Evening Post, by Withers & Peterson, Bankers, No. 39 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, June 11, 1859.

Pennsylvania.	
Solv bks par to 4-10 dis	
Relief notes 4-10 dis	
New Jersey.	
Solv bks par to ½ dis	
Delaware.	
Solv bks par to ½ dis	
Maryland.	
Baltimore ½ dis	
Solv bks ½ to ¾ dis	
New York.	
Solv bks par to ½ dis	
Maine.	
Solv bks ½ dis	
New Hampshire.	
Solv bks ½ dis	
Vermont.	
Solv bks ½ dis	
Connecticut.	
Solv bks ½ dis	
Massachusetts.	
Solv bks ½ dis	
Rhode Island.	
Solv bks ½ dis	
Virginia.	
Solv bks ½ to ¾ dis	
Dist. of Columbia.	
Solv bks ½ dis	
North Carolina.	
Solv bks ½ to 1 dis	
Georgia.	
Solvent banks ½ dis	
South Carolina.	
Solv bks ½ dis	
Alabama.	
Solv bks 1 to 3 dis	
Mississippi.	
All bks uncertain	
Louisiana.	
Solv bks ½ dis	
Ohio.	
Solv bks ½ dis	
Kentucky.	
Solv bks ½ dis	
Indiana.	
State bank ½ dis	
Illinois.	
Solv bks 2½ dis	
Missouri.	
Solv bks ½ dis	
Tennessee.	
Old banks 2½ dis	
Michigan.	
Solv bks 2 dis	
Wisconsin.	
Solv bks 2 dis	
Texas.	
Commercial and Agricultural bank, Galveston 10 dis	
Canada.	
Solv bks 1 dis	

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1000 head, and prices about the same as last week. The following lots were sold at Martin's Avenue Drove Yard:—30 head I Abrahams, Ohio, 11½@12; 25 B Baldwin, Chester co, 9@11½; 30 M Corson, Lebanon co, 10½@11½; 17 A Ridebaugh, Lancaster co, 11@13½; 30 A Landis, Dauphin co, 10½@11½; 46 S Rhodes, Berks co, 9½@12; 61 D Bradley, Ills, 10@11½; 25 W Leeds, Cumberland co, 11½; 18 Cassaday & Murphy, Va, 11½@12½; 15 J Cann, Del. infe, 8. Sheep—About 7000 arrived and sold during the week at from $2 to 4,50 ₩ head, and 7 to 9c ₩ lb dead weight.

The following sales of Beef Cattle were made at the Bull's Head Drove Yard:—44 head E Williams, Baltimore, Md, 11; 30 P McFillin & Co, Chester co, 12½; 30 P McFillin, Lancaster co, 10½@11½; 59 Baldomridge, do, 11@12½; 19 F Liner, do, 11@12½; 65 Cochran & McCall, Northampton co, 10½@12; 18 L World, do, 11@12; 7 W Handy, city, 10@11½.

NEW YORK MARKETS.

June 11.— BREADSTUFFS—Flour is 10 cents higher; sales of 10,000 bbls at $5,30@5,50 for State, $5,85@7,15 for Ohio, and $7,30@7,45 for Southern. Wheat buoyant; sales of 7000 bus at $1,30@1,37½ for white; $1,15 for red, and $1,26 for white Western. Corn buoyant; sales of 15,000 bus at 86½@87c for mixed, and 92@93c for yellow. Pork quiet. Lard quiet at 11½@11¾c. Whiskey dull at 27c.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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F. HAGAN, Nashville, Tenn.
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COMPLEXION.

It is an impossibility for any person afflicted with a diseased liver, or with any disorder of the digestive organs, to have a good or clear complexion. "HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS" will remove all disease from the liver and digestive organs, and, by thus giving health and strength to those organs, remove that sallowness of appearance and roughness of the skin noticed in so many. These Bitters are prepared by Dr. C. M. Jackson & Co., 418 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa., and sold by all druggists and dealers in medicines at 75 cents per bottle.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE

PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

BREADSTUFFS—The late European advices, although rather favorable for Breadstuffs, have not had a particle of effect upon the market here. There is very little inquiry for shipment, and the home trade are purchasing only to supply immediate wants. Sales of 1400 bbls good Superfine at $6,75@7 ₩ bbl—now held firmly at the latter quotation; 3200 bbls Extra at $7,12½@7,25; 300 bbls Select do at $7,50, and 500 bbls good Extra Family at prices not made public. Mixed brands of Superfine are held firmly at $7. The sales to the trade have been to a fair extent at $7@7,12½ for Superfine; $7,25@7,37½ for Extra and $7,50, @8,50 for Extra Family and Fancy. Rye Flour meets a very limited inquiry at the decline noted at the close of last week. Sales of 150 bbls at $4,50 ₩ bbl. Corn Meal is very quiet. The receipts and stocks are light, but fully adequate for the demand. Sales of 1200 bbls Penna at $3,87½ @4. Buckwheat—Sales of 2500 bus at 95@110c ₩ bus—closing at the latter figure.

GRAIN—Supplies of Wheat have fallen off since our last report. Sales of 14,500 bus fair and prime Red at $1,62@1,70, and 2500 bus common and choice White at $1,70@1,85, including some inferior Red at $1,50@1,52. At the close there was a good inquiry for prime lots at our highest quotations. Rye has been in very limited supply, and Penna has sold to the extent of 5000 bus at 90c ₩ bus. Corn—The demand has been quite moderate since our last report, and with liberal receipts holders have been compelled to submit to a further decline of 1c ₩ bus. Sales of 3500 bus Penna and Southern Yellow, chiefly at 90c afloat; 1000 bus slightly damaged at 87½c; and 1000 bus poor White at 85c afloat. Oats—The demand has been limited, and prices have declined 1@2c ₩ bus.—Sales of 7000 bus Delaware and Penna at 50@51c, afloat and in store—closing at the former rate.

PROVISIONS—There has been but little movement in any description since our last notice.—Sales of Mess Pork at $17,50, cash, and $18 ₩ bbl, on time. Of Prime there is little offering.—Mess Beef sells as wanted at $16@18 ₩ bbl, cash. Bacon has been in steady demand, but for Sides and Shoulders prices are ½c lower. Sales of 300 casks Hams in lots at 10½@12c for plain and fancy canvassed; Sides at 9½@10, and Shoulders at 7½ @8c, cash and 60 days. Green Salted Meats—The stock is now very much reduced, but the demand is limited. Sales of Hams in dry salt at 9½c; Sides at 8½@9c, and 200 casks Shoulders at 7@7½c ₩ lb, 60 days. Lard is in steady request at last week's quotations. Sales of 200 tcs and bbls at 12@12½c, and kegs at 13½@13½c, cash and short time. Butter—Sales of 8000 lbs solid packed at 8½@11c for old and fresh, and Roll at 12@16c. Eggs command 14@15c ₩ doz. Cheese—Sales of 300 boxes New York at 9@10½c ₩ lb, as in quality.

COTTON—The unsettled condition of the Cotton market still continues. The transactions foot up about 830 bales, chiefly Uplands, within the range of 10@10½c for low grade, and 11½@12½c for Middling Fair, including some picked at 8½c.

BARK—Supplies of Quercitron Bark have fallen off since our last notice, but there has been less inquiry. Sales of 24 hhds at $28@30 ₩ ton for fine ground No 1. Tanners' Bark comes forward more freely. Sales of several cargoes of Chestnut at $11@11,25, and Spanish at $14@15 ₩ cord.

BEESWAX is offered very sparingly. Sales of 1,400 lbs good Yellow at 37c ₩ lb, cash.

COAL—There has been some little improvement in the market since our last report, orders having increased from the Eastward. The cargo rates of Schuylkill, on board at Richmond, are $3,25@3,35 for Red Ash, and $3,15@3,25 for White Ash. Nothing doing in Bituminous Coal, and prices are nominal.

COFFEE—The market has been dull at the decline noted at the close of our last report. Sales of 400 bags Rio at 10½@11½c; 500 bags St Domingo at 9½c; and 200 bags Laguayra at 11½c ₩ lb, on time.

COPPER is very dull. Small sales of English Sheathing at 27c, and Yellow Metal at 21c ₩ lb, 6 mos.

FEATHERS continue dull. Small sales of good Western at 45½@47c ₩ lb, on time.

FRUIT of all kinds has been dull. Dried Apples sell at 8@8½c. Dried Peaches sell very slowly at 8@10c for unpared halves, and 12@16 for pared.

FURS—Beaver, Santa Fe, ₩ lb $2@2,50, do, Rocky Mt, $3@3,50; Muskrat Skin 15@20c; Nutria, 30@42; Raccoon, 25@60c.

HEMP—There is little or none offering, and it is not wanted. An import of 150 bales Jute, just arrived direct, remains unsold.

HOPS continue dull. Small sales of first sort Eastern and Western at 10@16c. The stock of old Hops is very light, and held at 7c.

HIDES have been rather quiet. A lot of Southern sold at 21c ₩ lb, 6 mos, and 2500 Tampico Goat Skins at 37c, on time.

IRON—The market for Pig Metal continues excessively dull, and prices are tending downward. Sales of Anthracite in small lots at $23 ₩ ton for No 1; $22 for No 2; and $21, 6 mos, for No 3. Scotch Pig Iron is nominally held at $25, 6 mos, but without sales. Blooms are steady, with further sales of 50 tons of Charcoal at $65, 6 mos.

LEAD continues dull, and no further sales have come under our notice.

LEATHER—There is a good demand for prime Slaughter, but Spanish Sole is rather quiet.

LUMBER—There is a moderate trade doing. Sales of 180,000 feet White Pine Boards at $15; Lehigh Hemlock at $7,50@10,50, and 50,000 feet North Carolina Flooring Boards at $18@21 ₩ M feet. Laths sell at $1,50@1,75 ₩ M.

MOLASSES is exceedingly dull at the decline noted last week, but the receipts have materially fallen off. Sales of 40 hhds Cienfuegos, at 31c, on time.

SEEDS—There has been more inquiry for Clovereed and prices are well maintained. Sales of 300 bs common and good quality at $5,50@7 ₩ 64 lbs—from second hands at the latter rate. Timothy is selling in lots at $1,87½@2, and Flaxseed at $1,68@1,70 ₩ bus.

SPIRITS—There is more firmness in prices and more inquiry generally. N. E. Rum sells in lots at 37@38c. Whiskey has advanced 1c ₩ gallon. Sales of Pennsylvania bbls at 27@27½c; Ohio at 28½c; hhds at 27½c, and drudge at 28½c. A sale of 30 bbls Bourbon at 30c. Alcohol is selling at 56@62c.

SUGAR—There has been rather more inquiry since our last report. Sales of 950 hhds Cuba at $6@7; 40 hhds Porto Rico at $7@7,25, 20 hhds New Orleans at $6,75@7,25; and 91 boxes Havana Brown at $6@6,50, on time.

TALLOW meets a limited inquiry, but there is not much offering. Sales of City Rendered at 11½ @11½c, and Country at 10½@10½c.

TOBACCO has been dull, and for Leaf prices are drooping, while for the finer grades of Manufactured, holders have been enabled to realize full rates.

WOOL is beginning to come forward more freely, but the market is excessively dull, and the opening rates have not yet been fixed. Among the sales were 5000 lbs unwashed at 33@35c, and 1100 lbs tub washed at 38c, cash.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 5th instant, by the Rev. J. H. Kennard, Mr. Joseph F. Hibbs, to Miss Elizabeth Murphy, both of this city.

On the 5th instant, by the same, Mr. Augustus E. Snow, to Miss Maria Lavin, both of this city.

On the 5th instant, by the Rev. Joseph Atwood, Mr. George W. Henry, to Mrs. Mary R. Wilson, both of this city.

On the 7th instant, by the Rev. T. Street, Rev. John W. Hassler, Pastor of the Lutheran Church, at Centre Square, Montgomery county, Pa. to Miss Annie, daughter of A. P. Bilyar, Esq. formerly of this city.

On the 9th ultimo, by the Rev. Clark Loudon, Mr. William K. Johnson, to Miss Mary A. Anderson, both of this city.

On the 31st of May, by the Rev. E. W. Hutter, Mr. James T. Sherwin, of Vermont, to Miss Rebecca L. Roberts, of this city.

On the 2d instant, by the Rev. Dr. Karsner, Mr. John M. Tapper, to Miss Mary J. Magirley, both of this city.

On the 3d ultimo, by the Rev. L. Cheeseman, D. D., Mr. James Shannon, to Annie Lamberton, both of this city.

On the 26th ultimo, by the Rev. J. C. Clay, Mr. Andrew White, to Miss Emma, daughter of the late Wm. Lovering, both of this city.

On the 30th ultimo, by the Rev. A. C. Cookman, Mr. Edward H. Stokes, to Miss Matilda G. Kendle.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 4th instant, Mary, wife of Peter Heald, aged 43 years.

On the 4th instant, Mr. Richard T. Williams, aged 42 years.

On the 5th instant, Mr. Harris Coleman, aged 40 years.

On the 5th instant, Mrs. Catharine Nailis, aged 88 years.

On the 3d instant, Mary A. Kimmey, aged 32.

On the 2d instant, Thomas Gibson, aged 65.

On the 4th instant, Mr. William Sowden, aged 38 years.

On the 5th instant, Thomas J. Heston, aged 75 years.

On the 4th instant, Martha L. wife of Seth Tyson, aged 70 years.

On the 7th instant, Mrs. Mary Palmer, aged 87 years.

On the 6th instant, Joseph M. Doran, aged 59 years.

On the 5th instant, John T. son of John Glasspell, aged 23 years.

On the 4th instant, Benjamin Bullock, aged 63 years.

SUMMER STOCK REDUCED.

L. J. LEVY & CO.,

In accordance with their custom at this period of the year, give notice to the public and their customers, that they have

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Wit and Humor.

A RICH SCENE.

In the Canadian House of Assembly, last week, they had quite a spirited debate on the bill to prohibit the use of hoops and crinoline, introduced by Aikens. We publish a few of the most brilliant passages:—

Mr. Drummond was an ardent admirer of hoops from childhood. He was born with a love of hoops. When he was a child of tender growth, he used to trundle his hoop, all unconscious of the fate that was in store for him. Later in life, he swallowed a ring, which resulted in a hoop-ing-cough; and even now the sight of an empty hogshead brought tears into his eyes.

Mr. Brown complained that it was impossible now to choose a wife, since her defects were so hidden by hoops, and enveloped in crinoline, that the naked—

Speaker—Order.

Mr. Brown—Mr. Speaker—

Speaker—The honorable gentleman is out of order.

Mr. Brown—But, Mr. Speaker, the naked—

Speaker—Hold your tongue, sir.

Mr. Brown—The naked—

Speaker—Upon my soul, Brown, silence, or I'll have you arrested.

Mr. Brown—Permit me to explain, Mr. Speaker. When I said the naked—

Speaker (yelling)—Clear the galleries of ladies, Mr. Sergeant.

Mr. Brown—In the name of the seventeen graces and the fifteen muses, Mr. Speaker, let me apologize; I only meant to say that hoops and crinoline have reached to such a rotundency, that it was impossible to arrive at the naked—

Speaker (frantically)—Death and blue devils! Stop, or I'll brain you with the mace. Consider the impropriety of—

Mr. Brown (wildly)—Truth! truth! truth! Naked truth was what I was going to say.

Mr. Dunbar Ross understood his honorable friend to say that people could not pass along the streets without being assaulted by highwaymen. Now, surely, the honorable member from Lake Ontario could not but be aware that the character of every member of the House was affected by such dam—

Mr. Talbot objected to such unparliamentary language.

Mr. Ross protested against interruption. He was going to say, by such dam—

Mr. J. Cameron—The honorable member should not swear in that dreadful manner.

Mr. Ross—Wasn't doing anything of the kind; but would be tempted to do so, if not allowed to finish his sentence—but such a dam—(order, order,) a dam—(confusion) he would repeat it—by such a dam—(tremendous uproar.)

Mr. Wright stood up and moved, amidst the wildest confusion, that Mr. Ross be expelled from the House for such awful language.

Mr. Ross (black in the face) exclaimed that *damaging statements* was all he meant to say when he was interrupted by a fool—

Mr. Talbot—Who's a fool—

Mr. Ross—Foolish ass—

Mr. Cameron—Who's an ass?

Mr. Ross (wildly)—Foolish ass-assertion of profanity.

A PARISIAN QUACK.

At the theatre of the *Varieties* there is an actress, one of the best in Paris, who has the misfortune to be exceedingly, deplorably thin—we might almost say, scrawny. A short time since she heard of a doctor, who, it is said, had succeeded in manufacturing a mineral water which had the power of making people grow fat. She went to him instanter.

"Doctor," said she, "what must I do to get fat?"

"Take my waters."

"And I shall get fat?"

"Immediately."

The thin actress plunged into the doctor's baths, and drank the water early and late. Three months passed away, but she grew no fatter. At last she called the doctor, and said:

"Doctor, I don't grow fat."

"Wait a little while," replied the doctor.

"Will it be long?"

"Fifteen days at the farthest. You see that big, fat woman, walking in the garden. When she first came here, she was, perhaps, thinner than you."

"What! I may hope?"

"Fifteen days at most," said the doctor.

Two more months passed; the actress grew thinner and thinner. One day, as she was taking her warm mineral bath, she heard a dispute going on in the bathing room next to her own.

"Decidedly, doctor," said the big, fat woman above introduced, "decidedly, doctor, I don't get a bit thinner."

"Have patience, madame," said the doctor, "you see that very thin lady who sometimes walks in the garden?"

"Yes."

"Well, she is an actress from the *Varieties*, whose excessive fat forced her to absent herself from the stage; she came to me—you see the result. Before fifteen days I promise you shall be thinner than she is."

At these words the thin actress rose from her warm bath, dressed herself, and with a heart divided by grief and indignation, silently left the house, hoping, however, to keep her misfortunes a secret; but in Paris a secret is an impossibility, and somehow or other the story got out.

☞ Touching dandies, let us consider, with some scientific strictness, what a dandy specially is. A dandy is a clothes-wearing man,—a man whose trade, office and existence consists in the wearing of clothes. Every faculty of his soul, spirit, purse and person, is heroically consecrated to this one object—the wearing of clothes, wisely and well; so that, as others dress to live, he lives to dress.—*Carlyle.*

Anecdote of Rothschild.—There is an anecdote told in Paris of the late Baron Rothschild which is worth repeating. He resided alternately at Vienna and Paris, and was fond of the theatre. One day, narrates Bauerle, the director of the Theatre of the Leopoldstadt, (a suburb of Vienna,) the Baron stood on the stage; suddenly he heard a loud sobbing; he turned round; there stood an old chorister, who wept heart-rendingly. "Herr Bauerle," said the Baron, "why does the woman cry so lamentably?" "I do not know, but I will ask her. Mrs. Vichwager, why do you cry?" "God bless me," was the reply, "have I not good cause to cry? While I am obliged to perform here in the comedy my landlord is carrying away my little furniture, turning out my sick mother into the street." "How much do you owe him?" "Sixty florins—two quarter's rent." "Here, Golstein," said the Baron to his companion, "have you two hundred florins about you?" "Here, Baron." "Herr Bauerle," said the Baron, "have the goodness to give that to the poor woman. Let her pay her hard landlord, but I do not want her thanks." The woman nevertheless threw herself at his feet, and wetted his hands with tears of gratitude. The Baron, however, managed to extricate himself and get away. The next day the Baron visited the theatre again. He saw twelve choristers crying. "Herr Bauerle," said Rothschild, "now I will not come again. I see I extract tears from these people. God forbid that this should again be the case."

Not Bad.—A few weeks ago a baby was taken to church to be baptised, and his little brother was present during the sacrament. On the following Sunday, when the baby was undergoing ablutions and dressing, the little brother asked mamma if she was intending to carry little Willy to be christened.

"Why, no!" said his brother; "don't you know, my son, people are not baptised twice?"

"What!" returned the young reasoner, with the utmost astonishment in his earnest face, "not if it *don't take* the first time?"

We opine that if little Charley's rule were in force, there would be a great many re-baptisms.

THE ADVANTAGES OF A COLLEGIATE EDUCATION.

Master Tom (who has been rebuked for making use of school slang). "*But, grandma', Slogging is derived from the Greek word slago, to slaughter, baste, or wollop; and by compounding, you see—*"

Grandma' is quite overcome by Tom's *learning.*

Agricultural.

WORK FOR JUNE.

Corn.—This crop requires the special care of the cultivator during the month of June. As soon as the "stand" is secure from the worm and bird, thin to two or three plants to the hill, according to the strength of your land. As we have repeatedly urged before, let the working of the crop be done early. This Magazine would be worth fifty times the year's subscription to every cultivator of thirty acres of corn, for this piece of advice alone; that after planting at proper distance on ground properly prepared and manured, the crop be *quickly worked* and *early let alone.* There is more loss to the crop by working after harvest than by all other disasters together. Think of a man working and spending all proper means to get a beautiful, luxuriant growth, and then, at the very time when it is most in need of ample supplies of nutriment, and when a thousand mouths are seeking it from every source, a murderous implement is put in to tear up and destroy these channels of supply. "Surely an enemy hath done this!"

In working corn, bear in mind the object you have in view, viz.: to destroy the young grass and keep the surface loose. For these purposes shallow cultivation is sufficient, and the ordinary corn cultivator the proper implement. Should the grass, at any time, get the start of you, the mouldboard will be necessary to subdue it.

Tobacco.—This is the great month of the tobacco crop.—To have it well set during the month of June, the battle is more than half won. All the ground must now have at once its second ploughing, if not already done, and be put in thorough order. It will be laid off and crossed at a distance of 2½ to 3 feet each way, and as many hills prepared as your beds will be capable of planting the next season. It is not well to have the hills made too early.

Manures.—If the manure is not already applied, or on hand, the most readily supplied, and perhaps the best, is the manipulated guano. Sow three to four hundred pounds to the acre, broadcast, after the ground is put in order and ready for laying off and crossing.

Planting.—Plant at first only such plants as are of full size. You will gain no advantage in time by planting small ones; and a close drawing of the beds is injurious to them. Young planters are apt to make a mistake on this point, in their desire to make sure of the "season." Let them remember the very great advantage of having well grown plants, in the certainty of getting a stand, in the rapidity with which the crop gets out of the reach of the ground-worm and the grass, and in the important point of a quick, unchecked growth, as it effects the quality of the crop. A judicious planter will draw for his first planting with strict reference to the preservation of his beds—a matter of the utmost importance. His object will be rather to relieve the beds of the comparatively few large plants, than to gratify his ambition to make a large planting by drawing a great many small plants to the serious injury of the beds. A bed drawn with judgment at first will improve very rapidly, and in ten days afford a large drawing of good plants.

As regards planting, we will repeat here some suggestions we made two years ago, for the benefit of our new readers. The plants must be carefully set in the ground. In the hurry of planting, careless hands will frequently bend up the tap root, and a plant so put in the ground, will live sometimes ten days or more, and finally die. The ground should be opened with two or more fingers, the root inserted, and the earth pressed firmly back, to the full depth of the hole made. Rapid planters will put the plant in a hole made with a single finger, at the risk of doubling up the root, and merely press up the earth with the thumb at the surface of the ground, leaving the hole unfilled beneath, to the certain destruction of the plant, if the weather comes hot and dry. The work of planting is always one of excitement and hurry. Quick hands are ambitious to show how much work they can do, and the slower, to keep pace with them. The tendency on the part of all, is rather to do much than to do it well. It is of the utmost importance, therefore, that the master or manager give his closest attention to the manner in which the work is done. He need not take it for granted that the fastest planters do their work most imperfectly, for this is by no means the case; but let him give his most vigilant attention to see that every one, whether slow or fast, does his work well. The "stand" depends much more on the manner of planting than on the weather after planting.

Weeding.—The "weeding," as the first hoeing of the crop, is technically termed, is an important operation. It should be done as early as possible after the plants have taken hold of the ground—say in ten days or a fortnight after planting. In very dry and hot weather, many plants will be destroyed in the operation, without extreme care. A lazy hand, sooner than stoop to pick away the small grass from about the plant, will leave a sprig of crab grass or purslane to strangle it, or will push his hoe so roughly against it as to break or bruise, or sometimes tear it out of the hill; or chop away so much of the earth as to cause its death. In such weather it may be found essential, if the grass is not advancing too rapidly, to postpone the weeding till a shower puts the ground in better condition for the operation. It is the more important to begin the weeding early, to anticipate such a condition of the weather; for it is destructive to the crop to be caught by such a spell "in the grass." Put plaster on the bud when done weeding.

Potatoes.—We ventured the opinion last month, in opposition to the very general advice upon the subject, that the best time for planting, for the main crop of potatoes, is not before the middle of June. As the sun has much power at that time, there are some cautions to be observed in planting, to insure the coming up of the seed. The plantings should be prepared some weeks in advance of the time of planting, and spread out where they will heal without being heated; unless you prefer planting whole potatoes of small size. The potatoes should not be exposed in the field, by being allowed to remain in the hot sun, in baskets or otherwise. They should be dropped in the fresh furrow immediately after it is opened, and covered without delay. Attention to these suggestions will insure the regular coming up of the crop, unless the potato has been damaged previously. As soon as the plants begin to grow, run the harrow over the ground, to break the crust, and destroy such weeds or grass as may be germinating. One or two seasonable workings of this sort, will save much hoe work.

Hay Making.—The Clover and Orchard Grass will be fit for hay. The proper time of cutting is a point of much importance. It is suggested that the instincts of bees and other insects are a safe guide for us. They suck the blossoms when the sugar is developed in the plant, and indicate the period when we may most profitably put in the scythe. Professor Horsford determined by experiment, that clover cut when the heads just began to appear, produced only 0.80 *per cent.* of sugar; but when fully developed, produced 1.15 *per cent.* of sugar—very near fifty *per cent.* more than that cut first. "If clover," he says, "is not cut when sugar is most prevalent, it goes to perfect the seed, and the same loss of nutriment is the result. Bees and other insects never work upon clover before it blossoms, because sugar has not been elaborated; nor after, because it has gone to support the seed, and is not now sugar.

As to curing, we quote from a valuable essay we published a year ago, on Clover Culture:

"The water contained in green clover hay when first cut, amounts to from seventy-five to eighty-three per cent. It also contains a certain amount of sugar, which is easily fermented. Therefore, when cut or placed in a barn or stack, fermentation will be produced, which will destroy the sugar and other nutritive qualities, and vinegar or acid will be produced, rendering the hay sour and unfit for food. If sufficiently dried, the sugar will remain with the fibre, and the hay will be a nutritious, wholesome food for stock, and supply the animals with not only food, but an element, carbon, which will generate animal heat.

"The whole plant contains 11.18 per cent. of ashes; the leaves 10.69 per cent., and the stems 8.52per cent. All of the ingredients have more or less of valuable properties to support the animal economy. The leaves contain nearly one-fourth part more than the stem alone. They should be carefully preserved. This can only be done by carefully drying the clover before putting it into the barn. The clover may be cut, and permitted to lay in the swarth a few hours to wilt. Let it then be carefully put up into bunches to remain a few days, to cure and partly dry. When it is desired to house it, let the bunches be open and exposed to the air a few hours, and it is then fit to go to the barn. A little salt may be scattered broadcast over the layers. Never let the hay dry so much in the field as to have the leaves or heads drop off by handling or hauling."

Millet, Hungarian Grass, Sugar Millet, Pumpkins, Cymblins, Sugar Beet, Broadcast Corn, Field Peas—These may all be planted still, but the sooner the better.

General Cultivation.—It is of the greatest importance to get your work in a state of forwardness. It is essential to the proper cultivation of every hoed crop, that the grass be kept thoroughly subdued while young, and never allowed to get a strong hold upon the ground. The homely old proverb, that "a stitch in time saves nine," is very applicable here. You will now be anticipating, too, the engrossing labors of wheat harvest, on entering which, every hoed crop should be left thoroughly clear of grass, and your corn, if you have followed our advice, "laid by."

Harvest.—If you need extra help at harvest, look it up and make your engagements at once. Get assistance enough to secure your crop in the shortest time, after it is fit for the scythe. Have tools and implements in the best order for use in due time.

Time of Cutting.—We do not advise to any set time or special condition of the crop for cutting. The old standing advice, to begin the harvest two weeks before the grain is ripe, is very unwise, not to say absurd. There are strong reasons why the crop should be cut at the earliest day that its condition admits of it. The quality of the grain is injured by too long delay, and it is imprudent to leave a crop of so much value exposed, unnecessarily, a single day to the risks of weather. But to apply a rule of practice, founded on the slow process of ripening in the temperate season of August and September in England, to our crops, on which three days of our fierce June suns will produce greater change than ten days of the former, is a great mistake. Our advice would be rather to watch the condition of your crop carefully, and be guided by your judgment and experience, or that of a judicious neighbor, and begin *rather too soon than too late.* Better lose something by shrinking, than risk much in quality and quantity by putting off too long.—*American Farmer, Baltimore.*

INDIAN CORN.

Top-Dressing of Ashes, Plaster, Etc.

In looking over the mode of cultivation practisd by those most successful in growing the corn crop, and especially the statements of those who have taken premiums for large products of this cereal, we almost invariably find that some fertilizer was applied in the hill before planting, or as a top-dressing after the corn appeared above ground, immediately before or after the first hoeing. The benefits of this course are not unappreciated by thousands who do not compete at fairs, and hence we find the latter practice quite general throughout the Middle and Eastern States. It involves but little labor and a slight expense, and is found to assist the young corn in getting an earlier and stronger start, so that it can forage for itself through a greater depth and breadth of soil.

A handful of ashes thrown around the hill just before hoeing the first time, is one of the most simple and common applications. That it is beneficial, long experience shows, and how any farmer can neglect it for the purpose of selling ashes for eight or ten cents a bushel in cheap calicoes and inferior groceries, is more than we can comprehend. In applying the ashes, if damp, a small paddle or scoop will be found convenient, or a piece of old tin or sheet-iron rolled up funnel-shaped, can be employed, the smaller end serving as a handle. A little practice will enable one to do the work very rapidly, and yet carefully, so as to place the ashes around and not upon the corn, which is injurious, especially if no rain follow immediately.

We have mixed ashes and plaster, one-third of the latter, and thought the application a more effective one—better than either applied alone. It should be remembered, however, that neither ashes or plaster can take the place of manure. The soil must be rich for corn, and there is nothing better to make it so than good barnyard manure; but these top-dressings are useful, as before remarked, in stimulating the early growth, and thus increasing the strength and hastening the maturity of the plant.

There are various mixtures employed by different farmers, varying in cost and value. Mr. Walrath, of St. Lawrence Co., on his State Premium Farm, uses a composition of six bushels of ashes, one of plaster one of lime, and half a bushel of salt, with a small quantity of sulphur, pounded bones, &c., mixing all together, and applying a small handful both before and after hoeing. The effects are beneficial to this and all other farm crops. Salt alone has been commended as a valuable top-dressing, but it is difficult so to apply it as not to kill the corn—which it will do if it comes in contact with seed or young shoots.

On some soils neither ashes or plaster are thought to produce any beneficial effect. We think these exceptional cases are scarce away from the seaboard, and the vegetable alluvions and prairie soils of the West. We shall gladly give place to experiments throwing further light on the whole question of top-dressings for corn and other hoed crops.—*Country Gentleman.*

Useful Receipts.

Warts.—I was at one time a painful sufferer from them, having had some as large as marbles on my hands. A French soldier told me that if I wanted to really cure them, that they should never grow again, I should take a common pin, and just stick it into each wart till the point would go to the centre, and then hold the head of the pin in a candle for about three minutes or so, according to the size of the wart. You should stick it in three or four places. I did so, and in about three weeks all the warts were gone, leaving no marks whatever, and, what is best, never came again. I have seen it tried often since, and never knew it to fail. The operation is a little painful, but the instant the pin is removed all pain ceases. —*London Field.*

Liquid Glue.—M. Kelly, Fayette Co., Indiana, prepares this article by dissolving glue in boiling water, using only water enough to reduce the glue to liquid form. It is then removed from the fire, and sufficient alcohol poured in to bring it to the right consistence, stirring it briskly. It is kept in a bottle with a piece of India rubber or bladder tied over the mouth, and will, he says, preserve its properties for years. It is thus always ready for use without the trouble of preparing, when wanted. In very cold weather it may need to be warmed a little.

To Make Porous Cheese.—A Vermont correspondent of the *New England Farmer* gives the following description of the causes of porous, puffy, elastic cheese:

"To make porous cheese, in the first place heat the milk very hot, not scald it, then throw in the rennet; be sure to get in enough, and if you want a very porous cheese, put in a great deal *too* much, so that it will come in a very short time, but don't put in but very little salt, (*not half enough,*) and then don't let the curd stand long enough for the whey to drain off, but hurry it into the press as quick as you possibly can; then let it stand in the press until it is pressed enough, or until you can conveniently attend to taking it out—and my word for it, if you don't have a porous cheese to your satisfaction, a slice of which will stretch out by pulling at each end like a piece of India rubber, as long as your arm, and on letting go of it, will contract into its original dimensions. The world was not made in a moment, neither can good cheese be made without time and care."

Portable Balls for taking Grease Spots out of Clothes.—Dry fuller's earth so as to crumble it into powder, and moisten it well with lemon juice; add a small quantity of pure pulverised pearlash, and work the whole up into a thick paste. Roll it into small balls, let them completely dry in the heat of the sun, and they will then be fit for use. The manner of using them is by moistening with water the spots on the cloth, rubbing the ball over, and leaving it to dry in the sun: on washing the spots with common water, and very often with brushing alone, the spots instantly disappear.

Cement for Glass, &c.—The following is a hard and durable cement for broken porcelain, glass, &c.:—Powdered gum mastic, 1 part; powdered gum arabic, 1½ parts; powdered prepared chalk, 2 parts; mix. Keep it in a powder, and make into a stiff paste with water when required for use. I have used it for years, and can vouch for its answering the purpose.—*London Field.*

A Great Snorer.—The feats of snoring of a naval officer who was induced to accompany Professor Graham and his botanizing companions in their excursions to the mountains of Forfarshire and Sutherland, Mr. Wilson used merrily to describe as something prodigious. The first night he kept the whole party awake listening to his astounding performances. The second night he was voted into a separate room, along with a deaf old gardener who was proof against ordinary noises. In the morning his room-mate was asked how he had slept. "I never slept a wink. He gart the very bed dirl under him." At last it became needful to extort a solemn pledge that, by way of giving all his neighbors a chance, the gallant captain would not lay his head on the pillow till a quarter of an hour after his comrades—a pledge which he kept with gay good humor, sitting up, stop-watch in hand, till the company had a fair start of fifteen minutes; but woe betide the luckless wretch who could not gain the arms of Morpheus before Triton sounded his trumpet.—*Memoirs of James Wilson.*

☞ Who does not feel that to describe with fidelity, the least portion of the entangled nature that is within him, would be no easy matter? and yet the same man who feels this, and who, perhaps, would be ashamed of talking, at hazard, about the properties of a flower, of a weed, of some figure in geometry, will put forth his guesses about the character of his brother-man as if he had the fullest authority for all he was saying.

The Riddler.

BIOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 26 letters.

My 4, 10, 17, 25, was one of the seven wise men of Greece.

My 15, 6, 8, 24, 19, 3, 21, was a King of England.

My 22, 5, 18, 11, is an American Poetess.

My 4, 13, 11, 11, 7, 24, is an American editor.

My 14, 23, 1, 15, 16, was an American mechanic.

My 19, 20, 3, was an American General in the Revolution.

My 12, 5, 13, 18, 12, 5, 23, 8, 11, 9, is a French authoress.

My 11, 17, 21, 2, was an American General in the Revolution.

My 25, 5, 10, 22, 13, 18, 9, was a celebrated English engineer.

My whole was an event in English history.

Chillicothe. BETA.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 35 letters.

My 4, 1, 13, 12, 28, is a lake in Africa.

My 17, 25, 26, 3, 24, 22, are a group of islands in the Atlantic Ocean.

My 35, 2, 16, 26, 23, 20, is a river in Africa.

My 19, 9, 24, 33, 6, is a city in Hindoostan.

My 10, 21, 3, 34, is a cape on the coast of North America.

My 23, 11, 26, 32, 18, is a gulf in the Mediterranean sea.

My 4, 34, 7, 15, is a river in Africa.

My 8, 29, 31, 2, is a town in Hanover.

My 25, 29, 14, 31, 23, 33, 13, 26, 22, are mountains in North America.

My 5, 9, 24, 21, 28, 14, 8, 6, 35, 4, is a county in Louisiana.

My 12, 15, 29, 21, 6, 30, 8, 20, is a sound in the Arctic Ocean.

My whole is a popular institution of learning in the West. T. J. S.

Newark.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I have something very valuable to me, it is a workmanship of exquisite skill, and was said by the Saviour to be the object of His Father's care, and yet it does not display the attribute of compassion or benevolence.

If I were to lose it no human ingenuity could replace it, and yet to describe it generally, this precious article is very abundant.

It was given to man in Paradise along with his beauteous Eve—though he previously had it in his own possession.

It will last as long as the world lasts, and yet it is destroyed every day. Its existence is cut short, and yet it dies not, but exists in beauty after the grave has closed oper mortality.

It is seen on the bloody field of battle, in the thickest of the carnage, yet it is a boon of affection, a token of amity, and a pledge of sweet and innocent love.

The Indian glories in it, and generally loses it with his life, while his savage tormentor exults in its possession.

It has been the cause of death to one famous for his beauty.

It has been used as a napkin; and a king once said it formed a splendid crown; it indeed appears like silver after long exposure to the air.

Now, I possess this treasure. I love it, and shall keep it, for it is of more value to me than the treasures of the South, for among all the silver and gold of Peru I could not replace it.

Easton, Pa. I. R. TROXELL.

CHARADE.

I am a word of four letters. Take off my hat, and you have something which you do every day. Take off my head, and you have a preposition. Leave off my head and put on my hat, and you have something used before a door. Entire, and taken backwards, with my two middle letters transposed, I am a very convenient thing. I, myself, am often eaten. F. & J.

ANAGRAMS

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Rare.	Dire.
St. Grins.	Mom. Con.
Oder.	Rove.
Let as sect.	P. S.—seas.
Fare.	Kate.
Hang Sec.	Hugh Ort.
Dals.	Snag.
Rec. Nov.—st.	Lime.

GAHMEW.

MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

From a circular garden of 20 rods diameter, I wish to cut off the one half by describing a circle with its centre on the garden's circumference. Required the diameter of the circle? An answer is requested. ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ How could you make a thin child fat? Ans.—Well, just pitch him out of the window, and he will come down plump.

☞ What bar is that which often opens, but never shuts? Ans.—Crow-bar.

☞ How is it proved that Adam was orthodox in his sentiments? Ans.—Because his belief was undoubtedly Eve-angelical.

☞ Why does a man begin to reform when he adopts begging as "a profession?" Ans.—Because he goes to *mend I can see* (mendicancy.)

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA—Equestrian statue of Peter the Great, St. Petersburg, Russia. GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA—Saint Joseph Male Academy, Buchanan county, Missouri. RIDDLE—Louisville. CHARADE—Whippoorwill. CHARADE—Pike's Peak. ALGEBRAICAL PROBLEM—100 and 1,000.

☞ A Practical Joke.—The only thing of the kind in which Mr. Barham was ever personally engaged, was as a boy at Canterbury, when, with a school-fellow, now a gallant major, "famed for deeds of arms," he entered a Quakers' meeting-house; looking round at the grave assembly, the latter held up a penny tart, and said, solemnly, "Whoever speaks first shall have this pie." "Go thy way, commenced a drab-colored gentleman, rising—"go thy way and—" "The pie is yours, sir," exclaimed D———, pissing it before the astounded speaker, and hastily effecting his escape.